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THE DOCTRINE OF RECONCILIATION.

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THE idea of the imputation of sin and of righteousness enters largely into what the old systems of theology call the "Scheme of Redemption." First, the sin of Adam is said to have been imputed to his posterity; then the sin of the whole human race is said to have been imputed to Christ, and to have been expiated by his sacrifice; and then the perfect righteousness of Christ is said to be imputed to every one who is vitally connected with him by faith. It may, perhaps, be thought hardly worth while to meddle with this dry old doctrine which nobody thinks much about now, not even those in whose professed creed it still lingers. But it was alive once. Like all doctrines that have ever made a part of the creed of sincere and earnest Christians, it was once a feeling. Feeling can never be adequately expressed in precise logical forms. The truth involved in it always gets injured, and more or less falsified, by such an attempt, and especially by trying to fit it into a place in an artificial system. But the germinal truth is ever true. The sentiment it produces ever makes a part of a genuine religious experience. It is, therefore, always well to examine an old doctrine candidly and respectfully. It leads to a consideration of the truth that lies at its centre, and of which it is a perversion, and helps us to restate it in a way that shall make it vital to ourselves.

The imputation of Christ's righteousness to believers in him is thus expressed, in a famous confession which is to-day the professed belief of a numerous and influential body of Christians: "Justification is an act of God's free grace unto sinners, in which he pardoneth all their sins, accepteth and accounteth their persons righteous in his sight; not for anything wrought in them, or done by them, but only for the perfect obedience and full satisfaction of Christ by God imputed to them, and received by faith alone."

The objections to this doctrine thus stated are obvious. It directly contradicts the plainest and most universal of our moral intuitions, and confounds all our ideas of right and wrong. We can have no conception of sin and righteousness but as strictly personal qualities. They are so by their very nature. They can be acquired for one's self only by one's self. They are inalienable and untransferable. To say that my sin may become your sin, or your righteousness my righteousness, will be seen, when we attend to the reality of things, to involve an absurdity. One may indeed experience the effects of another's sin or righteousness. So intimately are we bound together by various relations, that this is frequently the case. Few are so isolated that they can sin without in some degree impairing the happiness of others; or be good, without becoming a blessing to all within their influence; but it is the outward consequences, and not the personal quality of sin and righteousness, which thus pass beyond the original agent.

Sin and righteousness are also, in a sense, communicated by instruction, example, influence. An eminently good man is the cause of goodness in others, by making goodness beautiful, desirable, and attractive. And sin is propagated in a similar manner. But this case is manifestly different from the transfer of qualities supposed by the doctrine. Moral qualities are not thus imputed to a man irrespective of anything wrought in him or done by him, but only such as he has made his own by his own voluntary act.

Again, this doctrine, though certainly not so meant by those who profess it, does, in fact, involve irreverence to God. It

ascribes to him some of the poorest and shallowest of the devices of man. As if, in the dealings of a God of perfect justice and truth, there could be anything like legal fictions! As if he could be imagined to treat men as *constructively* guilty or meritorious! Surely, nothing but truth and reality can stand before him. How can he regard a man as having rendered a perfect obedience, unless he has rendered a perfect obedience? And if, notwithstanding the imperfection which confessedly cleaves to every man, it is still possible to enjoy his favor, it must be because there is a reason in justice rightly understood,—justice tempered by that mercy that makes it justice, and distinguishes it from cruelty, why such a being as man should be accepted by him on other grounds than that of an absolutely perfect obedience.

This doctrine is without foundation in Scripture. Not a passage can be found that asserts it. There are passages which, the doctrine being assumed, might seem to refer to it, — to be capable of interpretation consistently with it, — but not one that would serve as a foundation for it, or would suggest it to a reader who did not carry it with him to the reading of the Word, and was so prepared to find it there. Paul expresses the wish that he might be found in Christ, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ; the meaning of which is obvious. His own righteousness was that to which he had been brought up under the law; the righteousness which is through the faith of Christ is the higher and deeper righteousness that may be attained by the voluntary use of all the aids and influences offered in the word and life of Christ. The expression, "clothed with the righteousness of Christ," is sometimes used in religious discourse and conversation, and, though not scriptural, it is a very good expression, and ought to mean, clothed with such righteousness as Christ taught and exemplified and helps men to acquire.

How came a doctrine for which so little can be said, and which is open to such grave objections, to obtain a place in the Christian heart? It was a device for answering an anxious question that arises in every humble heart, seeking ac-

ceptance with God, contemplating the length and breadth and depth of his law, and conscious of its own weakness and sins. What are the terms of acceptance with God,—the conditions of eternal life? These questions are thus answered by Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do, and thou shalt live." But no one does this. No one expects to do it. Who, then, shall live? The law everywhere describes perfection and requires it, and no one renders it a perfect obedience. If a man could begin to-day, and thenceforth obey the law perfectly, as long as he lived, still, in a legal point of view, the delinquencies of his previous life would stand against him. The most perfect obedience is no more than his duty, and cannot make up for past imperfections. But his future obedience will not be thus perfect. It will have imperfections of its own to be answered for. What, then, is any man's ground of acceptance with God? To this question, a careless and superficial answer is sometimes given. Men say, God is merciful and gracious. He knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust. He does not expect of us perfect obedience. He will not be strict to mark iniquity. If we mean to do right, and do as well as we can, he will overlook our delinquencies and occasional transgressions, and graciously accept us. Now, this may be very true, and yet the application of it by an individual to his own case may be very false. A certain state of heart is necessary in order to make that truth applicable and a source of genuine peace and hope, and unless that state of heart exists, the thought of God's grace will only encourage a man to go on in sin, or to entertain low views, and satisfy himself with a careless performance of duty. Indeed, this ground of confidence may be shaken by simply repeating, to one who assumes it carelessly, his own words, "We have only to do as well as we can." Who is fulfilling that condition? Who is engaged with all his present power in the service of God?

This is a way of talking into which a man will be likely to fall who looks upon this question from without, as a matter



of speculation, without any deep personal concern in it. He does not feel all the difficulties of the question, and is, therefore, satisfied with the answer that he gives. But there is a state of heart which that answer by no means satisfies. When we consider justly how great a thing it is to possess the favor of God, and think of our own weakness, imperfection, and sin, and of the impossibility of an absolutely perfect conformity to his will, the question, how to be assured of his favor, assumes a serious importance. We refuse to be put off with a light and trivial answer to it. We are not satisfied with being told that we have only to do as well as we can. We are afraid of mistaking the measure of our own responsibility, of setting ourselves a too easy task, of being content with low views of duty.

This anxious question the doctrine of imputation professes to answer. To the penitent, wishing to return to God, and to live a new life with him, but oppressed with a sense of guilt, it says, Let not your past sins trouble you; they are all cancelled; their guilt was laid upon Christ, and was expiated by his blood. To the renewed soul, just awakened to spiritual life, deeply conscious of its remaining sins and imperfections, knowing how far short it will long continue to fall of the perfection set before it, it says, Be not disturbed by the inevitable shortcomings of your future life. God accepts you, not on account of anything wrought in you, or done by you, but by reason of the imputation to you of Christ's righteousness. He regards and treats you as if the perfect obedience of Christ had been rendered by you personally.

This is certainly a very tangible supply of the felt want; it can be readily grasped and applied, and must be very satisfactory to one who does not see how utterly inconsistent it is with the nature of sin and righteousness to consider them as commodities that can be thus handed about from one to another, and how unworthy a conception of the God of truth and justice it is, to imagine him thus treating moral beings as if their characters were the opposite of what they really are. And yet many excellent Christians have been able to overlook these immense difficulties, and have interpreted their religious

experiences by this theory of imputation, and have found peace in an assurance of pardon and acceptance, which was conveyed into their souls by this vehicle. Their peace and assurance were none too deep and strong for the reality. The abounding love of God for them was all that they conceived it to be. Their only mistake was in regard to the method by which they came under its influence. Their ideas of imputation were the husk in which the vital germ of a great Christian truth was enclosed.

This question about justification before God, and acceptance with him, arises from a legal view of man's relations to God, which regards the service of God as a contract, and our relations to him as analogous to the civil relations of ruler and subject, master and servant, creditor and debtor, in which the subject, servant, debtor, is in a condition to fulfil his part of the contract perfectly from the beginning, and in which, if he fail to do so, the ruler, master, creditor, is injured, and entitled to compensation. The difficulty is a legal one, and the remedy which the doctrine of imputation provides for it is also legal. It asserts that the compensation is made, the debt paid. If so, the creditor has no longer a claim. There is no room for the exercise of mercy, forbearance, forgiveness, on his part. He has exacted his utmost due, and he has got it. Yet the doctrines of which this of imputation is a part are called "the doctrines of grace," which profess to take men out from under a dispensation of mere law, and put them under a dispensation of free pardon and favor. Is it indeed so? On the contrary, according to these doctrines, God has never freely forgiven. He has never exercised that mercy and compassion which make a part of our ideal of moral perfection; he has shown an austerity and unrelentingness which we should consider grave faults in a man; and instead of being told to be merciful as our Father in heaven is merciful, we should have been told to be more merciful than he.

When I read the parable of the Prodigal Son, in which our Lord evidently intended to draw a picture of a truly good parent, as a type of the Infinite Father, a story that speaks directly to every filial and every parental heart, and needs for

its interpretation only the deep instincts of our nature, — a little gospel by itself, that tells the whole story of sinning and repenting man's reconciliation with God, and teaches the truth far more clearly than many obscure passages on the same subject, and, instead of being darkened by them, should be allowed to shed upon them some of its own light, — and when I see that this whole transaction between God and the soul is there set forth in the simplest and most intelligible form, just like one between any wise and good parent and his child; when I note that here was no mediator to appease the father's wrath and turn his heart towards his offending son, no mention made of satisfaction for the parent's insulted authority, no compensation demanded for his wasted goods; that the son was not required to keep away from his father's presence till he had proved the sincerity of his penitence by an altered life; that he went directly to his father, with all his sins upon him, and was received, not coldly, but with a tender and overflowing love that went forth to meet him, — not as a servant, but as a child, — pardoned on the sole ground of his manifestly true repentance, — taken back at once to his father's home, and permitted to accomplish his complete restoration to virtue under his father's care, — I say this, this is the Christian doctrine of atonement, of reconciliation. Thus does Christ solve the doubts and relieve the fears of the returning penitent, not by offering a legal solution of a legal difficulty, but by lifting him up nearer to God, into a position from which that difficulty vanishes, in which he will see that he is, and always has been, under a dispensation of love, that God has been ever willing to confer on him the highest blessedness he can receive, and that when he accepts it, when he comes to God with a desire and purpose of thenceforth dwelling with him as a loving and trustful child, then he is in the very condition in which it has been the design of all God's dealings to bring him; then all the transgressions he hath committed shall not be mentioned unto him; in the faith and love with which he has cast himself on the Father's compassion he shall live.

The fact has been alluded to, that in the parable of the

prodigal no mediator appears. Yet is that parable full of Christ. The true nature of his mediatorial office is indicated by the fact that it is he who tells us this story. He reconciles man to God, not by doing anything to change the disposition of God to man, or removing anything out of the way of the sinner's pardon and acceptance, but by revealing to him God as he unchangeably is, by leading him into God's nearer presence, where he can see him truly, and have the fullest assurance of his eternal love, and shall know that the only obstacle in the way of his return to God and enjoyment of his favor has ever lain in his own will.

In our relations to God we are as children going through the process of education under a parent's care and discipline. The parent gives the child his commands, sets before him the ideal of conduct and character he would have him attain. Those commands describe perfection. They could not be given in any other form. But does the parent expect the child to leap to it by a single effort? Does he resent the imperfection of the child's first attempts, as injuries done to himself, which the child is bound to repair? The parent's object in the child's education is not his own glory or profit, but the child's good. When the child has reached a point in his progress to which he has aimed to bring him, the parent is satisfied; he does not go back and hold him accountable for every failure he may have made in his progress to that point. He does not expect of the child perfection at the outset, but he does justly expect of him an obedient and teachable spirit, and constant and earnest endeavor. So is it in our relations to God. We are here in the infancy of our being, weak, imperfect, ignorant, to be trained, instructed, developed, by the discipline of God. Not without many falls, failures, and wanderings will our progress be accomplished. Perfection is not our starting-point, but our goal. Our Father does not expect it of us at once, but he does expect of us an obedient and teachable spirit, and constant and earnest endeavor, and where that spirit and endeavor are found, he graciously accepts imperfect obedience.

Accepts imperfect obedience. Is there not danger, it may

be asked, in this admission? Does it not take from the law its authority? If any remission of its requirements be allowed, the question arises, How much? Must not every man answer that question for himself? And is not an opening thus left for any degree of laxness in practice? Certainly there is such a danger. But the same objection lies against the provision for imperfect obedience made by the doctrine of imputation. Is there no danger in saying to a class of men, The imperfection of your life and character is completely covered by the obedience of Christ; whether you do little or much, you stand equally well before God, since he imputes to you Christ's perfect righteousness? There is the same danger in any provision for imperfect obedience, and some such provision every religion that addresses frail and imperfect men, and at the same time promulgates a law of absolute moral rectitude, must make. No human soul could breathe a moment in an atmosphere of unmitigated law. The only certain preventive of the abuse of God's gracious indulgence to weakness and imperfection lies, not in any form of words in which the conditions of eternal life can be expressed, but in the state of heart with which they are received. A right state of heart is necessary to the right apprehension and use of all truth. Abuse of God's grace as an encouragement to sloth and sin, is impossible to one who comes to God with entire filial devotion, wishing to testify his love by the most perfect obedience he can render, and believing that conformity to the divine will is the greatest blessedness he can enjoy. To such an one, the question, how little is absolutely necessary to be done, never occurs. He desires to know and do the will of God ever more perfectly, that he may more completely express his filial affection, and more fully realize the true well-being of his soul.

The conditions of eternal life as expressed by Christ, supreme love of God, love of our neighbor as of ourselves, are put in the form of a command. But can such love be instantly called into existence at a word of command? Can the will put it into the heart, in obedience to a precept? Instead of being an attainment with which we are to start at the commencement of our spiritual course, does it not set be-

fore us the consummation to which we are to grow, if not in this life, in future stages of our being? This preceptive form is only one way of expressing a spiritual truth, of describing our highest good, of setting before us the true end and aim of our being. Can we think that we are aliens from God and subjects of his displeasure, till we have grown up to perfection? How, then, — the question continually comes back upon us, — how are we to get peace and security during our period of imperfection? It is by the cordial acceptance of the righteousness taught and exemplified by Christ, as our righteousness, that is, as the righteousness which we will ever desire, which we will earnestly strive for, short of which we will never rest, which we will ever steadfastly believe that God will finally give us. This act of the soul, this fixed choice of the righteousness of Christ as the end of our desire and effort is the fact in spiritual experience which was represented by the imputation of Christ's righteousness. It lifts from the soul the burden of its imperfection. The soul from its inmost depths responds to the outward law. It finds the same law printed on its own nature. Christ in the heart speaks with the same voice as in the written word. The soul demands of itself the perfection that the law requires. It knows that in it alone are its peace, its rest, its true life. And then on this higher spiritual plane, it goes through the same round of experiences as on the lower legal ground. It longs for perfect union with God, and feels intense unrest and dissatisfaction at the imperfection that separates it from him. Then the question comes to it again from its own secret chambers, Whence shall it get present peace till it finds its final and perfect peace in God? And that question leads it to a more fixed choice, a more earnest desire, more strenuous endeavors to attain a complete oneness of thought, will, affection, action, with the divine will. God, who discerns the inmost heart, sees that there is planted in that soul a germ of spiritual life, that will grow till it reaches the fulness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus. He who knows the end from the beginning, and to whom the past and future are alike present, sees in it the Christ-like being that shall be, and imputes to it now the righteousness of Christ.



## A PRAYER.

BY JAMES C. PARSONS.

O God ! now thou art nearest,  
 And prayer is not a form or task,  
 Now, for myself and those to me the dearest,  
     What shall I ask ?  
     Is it that, once for all,  
     I *myself* may see ;  
 Learn, with thine eyes, the thing that holds me thrall,  
     And evermore walk free ? —  
     That inward aim and outward fame  
     May reconciled be ? —  
     That I and they, for whom I pray,  
 May hold our course serenely up to thee ?

Now that the way is clear  
 Straight to thy listening ear, —  
 Now that I hold thee pausing to my want,  
     Which, be it worthy, thou wilt grant, —  
     I leave *myself* to thee ;  
 Lord, let my limitations be !

But teach the eye, that too much inward turns,  
     Thy glorious world of truth to see,  
     Till with the love of it and thee  
 My soul for evermore adores and burns !  
     To know thy wondrous thought,  
 Spoken from space to space in visible words,  
     Which, ages after ages, alter not,  
     While each with each accords.  
 To know and love the eternal Right,  
     The angels' morning song,  
 Slow gaining from the heavenly height  
     Upon the realms of wrong ;  
 To count it my supreme delight  
     Among its champions to fight,  
     Or toil with them in peace.  
 So, battling through my day, in faith,

## MORNING HYMN.

To see no darkness close in death,  
 But broader space and perfect light,  
 And fading from my earthly sight,  
 All limitations cease !

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## MORNING HYMN.

CREATOR! God! the morning light  
 Hath reached again, hath cheered my sight;  
 Oh, let me thank thee; hear my voice,  
 And see my soul in thee rejoice.

How tenderly, how sweetly blest  
 By darkened hours for needful rest,  
 From which I rise with life anew,  
 My onward journey to pursue.

And wilt thou dart from truth divine  
 A ray upon my soul to shine,  
 A light upon the heavenly way  
 To guide me nearer thee to-day?

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“SUCH comforts would come to us oftener from Nature, if we really believed that our God was the God of nature; that when he made, or rather when he makes, he means; that not his hands only, but his heart, too, is in the making of those things; that, therefore, the influences of Nature upon human minds and hearts are because he intended them. And if we believe that our God is everywhere, why should we not think him present even in the coincidences sometimes that seem so strange? For, if he be in the things that coincide, he must be in the coincidences of those things.”

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O LORD, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee), — let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness (which is thyself), that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on thee. — SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## PRISCILLA'S PREACHING.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

AQUILA and Priscilla were a virtuous pair, whom the Apostle Paul found at Corinth, and towards whom he was drawn by their similar occupation, by the harmony of their faith, and by their personal qualities. Afterwards, at Ephesus, they were the instructors of one who, from their training, became a light of the Church, — Apollos, “an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures.” Paul, writing from Ephesus to the Corinthians, gave their salutations with his own, and spoke of “the church” that was “in their house.” After this they went to Rome, where they had formerly dwelt; and, in his letter to the Christians in that city, Paul salutes them as his “helpers in Christ Jesus,” with words of gratitude and praise. “Who have,” he says, “for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but all the churches of the Gentiles. Likewise greet,” he adds, “the church that is in their house.” Again we find them at Ephesus, from the greeting of Paul in his second epistle to Timothy. With this text closes all that we hear respecting them in the New Testament.

It is interesting to observe the harmony which existed between this excellent pair, in connection with the office of Christian instruction which they seem to have shared. Priscilla evidently was no ordinary woman. Her power of mind, and facility alike in receiving and in imparting instruction, placed her on an equality with her husband; but this equality seems in no degree to have interfered with domestic harmony. Together they receive the teachings of Paul; together they instruct the eloquent Apollos; together they assist the apostle, and incur danger in his defence; and together they receive his thanks and blessing.

Another feature of interest in these accounts is in the repeated reference to “the church in the house” of these disciples. Similar language is used by the apostle with regard to Nymphas (Col. iv. 15) and to Philemon (Phile. 2). A

church is found in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, whether they are dwelling at Ephesus or at Rome. The father and mother, if true Christians, can never leave the church behind them. Wherever they may go, though "far from all voice of teachers and divines," there will be social worship, there will be the religious training of children, there will be the reading of Scripture, and mutual encouragement to all good works; and in these the piety of the wife and mother will bear an honored part.

Shall we regard Priscilla as an early instance of a female preacher, sanctioning thus the practice which some desire to see introduced into our churches?

She is certainly represented as sharing with her husband the task of religious teaching. Together they "expounded" to Apollos "the way of God more perfectly." This, however, was apparently in private conversation. We can imagine the three, as seated in the shop at Corinth, where Paul had worked before, with pieces of tent-cloth around, while the needle in Priscilla's busy fingers kept time with her words, and her glowing representation of the beauty of the Saviour's character impressed on the heart of the disciple that conviction which the learning and the logic of Aquila had begun to produce. We can imagine, too, other scenes wherein she "labored in the Lord;" how she went out among the poor of Corinth, and, imparting of her scanty means, doubled every gift by coupling with it the name of Him who had given his life to save sinners. But did she preach?

We think not; for, in the first place, we are never told that she did. In the second place, she was the friend and disciple of Paul,—of him who said, "I suffer not a woman to teach;" who wrote to the Christians of that same Corinth, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." We know that Paul's opinion has not now the authority that it once possessed. German theology has found out, indeed, that Christianity owes to him more than he ever thought of claiming; that he liberated it from that narrow, Jewish exclusiveness with which—strange to say—its Founder had left it encumbered. But, for all this, Paul's opinion does not pass

for much at present; or else all questions about woman's preaching would be left unasked. But whatever may be thought of Paul's opinion now, his friends, Aquila and Priscilla, thought highly of it. They looked to him as their teacher in Christianity, and it is not likely that either of them would have adopted a method of action entirely contrary to the letter and spirit of Paul's instructions.

We conclude, then, that Priscilla did not preach. And we do not consider this fact as detracting at all from the honor that should be paid to the memory of that distinguished Christian matron. She did not preach, but she taught,—taught humbly, unassumingly, without any danger, any suspicion, of transgressing the bounds of female delicacy. A man like Apollos, learned and eloquent, was not ashamed to sit as pupil at her feet. Preaching, then, is not a necessity to win respect to the instructions of female piety and wisdom. She did not preach, but she shared with her husband, as in their common occupation for daily bread, so in making known by daily converse with those around them, and by the blessed testimony of a good example, the power of the gospel of Christ. She was not a preacher, but she was an industrious laborer, a wise counsellor, a kind friend, a good wife,—perhaps also a good mother,—an honor, if not to the clerical profession, yet, what was far better, to her own profession of Christianity.

The question we have been examining suggests another, of more practical interest:—

Shall Priscilla preach?

Priscilla is still in the Church, and we view her with all possible respect. We have known her in many stations, and in different sections of the country; sometimes as the modest maiden, sometimes as the gifted authoress, the affectionate wife, the wise and happy mother; sometimes as the venerable matron, blessed in her children's children, whom, like their parents before them, she had brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Shall we yet know her as a preacher? Shall we advise the young Priscillas to prepare, by study, and practice of voice and pen, for the clerical pro-

fession? It is a question we would not touch lightly, though the style in which we speak of it may be familiar. It is a question in which deep issues are involved; it is a question on which the opinions of good men and of good women are divided. Let us examine it with all due seriousness and caution.

Of the authority of the Apostle Paul we have already spoken; his decision is, we believe, the only one distinctly given in the New Testament; but the practice of the early teachers is against the innovation proposed. No woman was appointed by the Saviour to be of the number of the apostles; no woman was ordained by the apostles to the pastoral office. The nearest approach to such an appointment appears in the instance of Phœbe, "a servant of the Church which is at Cenchrea." Rom. xvi. 1. The word translated "servant" is *δούλωρον*, the name given in other places to a well-known class of church officers. See Phil. i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 8-13. But their duty, both from the meaning of this word, and from the account in Acts vi. of the institution of their office, appears to have been connected with the charities of the Church, rather than with its worship. We rejoice that we have many women in our churches who give themselves with true heart and ready hand to the work of charity. We should have no other objection to the revival of the order of deaconesses in the present age than that it is needless to introduce an official title, when we already have all the good Christian ministration which it indicates.

Mention is made, in Acts xxi. 9, of four daughters of Philip, the Deacon, "which did prophesy;" and prophesying, in the New Testament, often means preaching. Wakefield translates the expression, "who were teachers," reminding us of the daughters of many a deacon since. The context, however, is rather favorable to their gift having been that of prediction, as it tells us of others who foretold to Paul the danger he was to encounter at Jerusalem.

With a possible exception in this instance, the authority of the early Church is against the proposed change; and thus it is also with the Church in almost every section, through the



many centuries of its existence. Perhaps a few instances may be discovered, in the long record of the Middle Ages, where a lady abbess, or a female enthusiast, has preached uncensured; but if such instances have occurred, they were too obscure to disprove the general rule. Of more importance is the example of the Quakers; and of that society we would speak with the respect due to the spirituality of their faith, and the firmness of their testimony against all unrighteousness. But Quakerism arose as a protest against the lifeless formality and degrading man-worship of the age of the Stuarts. By a natural reactionary tendency, it sought the very extreme of difference from prevalent customs; and the evils of such a choice have now become manifest. Its peculiarities of dress and language have lost their original meaning, and instead of a protest against formality, are formalities themselves; while its rejection of a regular ministry, whose place it has endeavored to supply in part by female preaching, is among the principal causes which have led to its hopeless decline. It is not from a denomination which is rapidly passing away that we can safely borrow a custom for the use of a young and vigorous religious body.

But, it may be said, we have no occasion to inquire into authority and precedent; it is a question of right that we are discussing. Woman has a right to preach, a right to enter the clerical profession, as well as other spheres of useful labor, from which she has been injuriously excluded. The Church, too, has a right to her services; to the aid of a sex more pure, more devout, and not less gifted in qualities of mind than the other. Woman's peculiar aptitude for teaching is now generally admitted; why should not that ability be exercised on the loftiest themes?

Our reply to these arguments is derived from the universal recognition of a distinction in the spheres of labor appropriate to the sexes. Is it the business of woman, equally with man, to labor in the fields, to hunt, to bear arms in war? Is it the business of man, equally with woman, to prepare food, to tend infants, to nurse the sick? When questions like these are asked, every one must admit that the constitution of the

respective sexes implies a difference, providentially appointed, in their departments of labor. The question then is, how far that difference extends? If any kind of labor be unfit for woman to do, her right in relation to it is not a right of participation, but of exemption; the question of right, then, depends on that of fitness or expediency. If it is best, on the whole, for Priscilla and for the Church that she should preach, she has a right to; if otherwise, not.

Is it best, then, in the first place, for the male sex? The interests of this half of the human race are also to be considered. If we look at the condition of the churches, in our denomination at least, we find some ground for alarm lest religion should come to be regarded as woman's exclusive privilege. Its work of charity is mostly in the hands of our sisters; they form a large majority of our communicants, if not even of the worshippers at our regular Sunday services. These things show a tendency which should certainly be seriously regarded, before taking a step which cannot but greatly increase it. Man may be willing to yield his place in the pulpit; will he long continue to occupy his place in the pew? Gifted as the sex is in capacity for instruction, we have known large boys to be restless under a lady teacher; and if female preaching become a general custom, we fear that the men, after the attraction of novelty has passed away, will more and more leave the church, as a place where they have neither business nor interest, until the attendance shall consist alone of the gentler sex, and of the younger boys.

Is it desirable for woman herself that she should exercise the clerical vocation? In the affirmative, it will be pleaded that the success of several who are entitled to respect, alike as ladies and as preachers, fully shows that the sex is capable of giving instruction from the pulpit as well as in other ways. If, then, woman possesses the gift, can it be otherwise than desirable that she should have free opportunity for its exercise?

In replying to this argument, we would disclaim all discourtesy. There have been in past ages, undoubtedly, a few noble women who have worthily occupied the chair of public

instruction. Deborah, the prophetess, who roused up Israel to expel its invaders, and Huldah, the prophetess, to whom Josiah sent for information respecting the wonderful book that the High Priest had found in the Temple of the Lord, may retain for us their "liberty of prophesying." An allowance may be made, in those old times, of perhaps one in a hundred years; in modern days, the world's population being larger, the instances occur somewhat more frequently. We once aided in providing a place to preach for an eminent lady of the Society of Friends, when other places had been denied her on account of her anti-slavery opinions. We admire the learning, the ability, and the energy of another lady, who has done more than any one else in our country to gain attention to the important subject of her sex's right to labor, and to enjoy the rewards of their labor. And with regard to some few others, who are filling acceptably the pastoral office in a sister denomination, no word of ours shall detract from the respect which is their due. But these instances are, in our judgment, not numerous enough to make a rule. They are exceptional, and belong to that class of exceptions which prove the general correctness of the rule from which they vary.

Exceptions of a similar character, and much more numerous, are afforded by history to the rule which exempts woman from military service. We will not waste words by arguing to prove that the rule is correct. Yet Queen Artemisia fought her ship most gallantly at the battle of Salamis. Tasso tells us of the fair and brave Clorinda on the Moslem side, and of Gildippe, not less fair and brave, on the part of the Crusaders; and, in these instances, the fancy of the poet did but reflect facts of occasional occurrence in the wars of that rude old time. But, to pass over other instances, let us fix on one, where a woman aroused the spirit of a kingdom well-nigh conquered, led its hosts to battle and to victory, and left a memory glorious to her country and herself, and disgraceful only to her foes, who tried to veil their cruelty by their superstition. Few loftier names has history to show than that of Joan of Arc. The Maid of Orleans was raised up by Heaven to deliver France, as truly as Washington or Lincoln was

raised up by Heaven to deliver our country. We own the brilliant exception, but we own it as an exception still. In spite of all our admiration for the heroine, we maintain that the proper sphere of woman in war is the sewing-room or the hospital, not the guard-room nor the battle-field.

Exceptional cases, like that to which we have adverted, are a law unto themselves; but even they must obey certain conditions. The consecrating voice that spoke to Joan of Arc, while it gave her high honor in her unusual field of service, denied her a participation in the customary cares and delights of woman. Hear its utterance in Schiller's poetry:—

“In the rough brass shalt thou thy limbs array,  
Cover with martial steel thy tender breast;  
Never o'er thee shall human love bear sway,  
With sinful flames of earthly pleasure blest.  
Never shall bridal wreath thy locks adorn,  
No lovely child within thine arms shall rest;  
But thee will I with warlike honor crown,  
Beyond earth's daughters all in high renown.”

Something, then, had to be given up to make the exceptional heroine. Something has to be given up to make the exceptional preacher. The Maid of Orleans, assuming the part of manly energy to deliver France, resigned of necessity the calm, gentle, confiding, dependent part of female loveliness and happiness. The female preacher of to-day, assuming the manly part of prominent action before a large and miscellaneous audience, resigns of necessity certain qualities which have, for six thousand years, been considered peculiarly feminine. She cannot be at once shrinking and prominent, timid and unembarrassed; of a low and gentle voice, “an excellent thing in woman,” and of a loud, sonorous voice, an excellent thing in an orator.

Exceptional cases cannot properly be taken to establish a rule. Providence makes them, Providence will take care of them; but for our guidance in establishing institutions and rules for their management, we must look at mankind in their normal condition, and govern ourselves thereby. It does not follow, because there was a Joan of Arc, and because she did

right in coming forward to deliver her country, that we ought to have a female department at West Point, and let "the ever-feminine lead us on" in the day of battle; and it does not follow, because Madame Guyon was worthy to be the instructor of Fenelon, that we are to make the settlement of female preachers a regular thing in our churches, or the training of them a regular department in our Divinity Schools.

And let us observe that these two things must go together. Those who advocate the employment of ladies as preachers advocate also, very properly, their especial instruction for that office. There is a feeling, equally strong and correct, against lowering the standard of professional culture. Now, the idea of a clerical education for ladies involves considerations much more grave than that of the propriety of bringing the two sexes together in the same lecture and recitation rooms. The question arises, Is it best to place before the mind of female youth an object in life inconsistent with that for which God and nature intended them, — an object which, in most cases, will be relinquished as soon as the voice of God and nature is heard in their hearts, calling them to other scenes and other duties than those we have placed before them, — an object which, if retained in connection with the more natural and proper one, will result to the injury of both, the individual half-performing the duties of minister, and half-performing those of wife and mother?

Our preparation for the ministry takes about ten years. From the time when the boy shows a sufficient love of learning to encourage his friends to send him to college, three years may fairly be assigned for preliminary studies; then follow the four years of the college classes, and the three at the Divinity School. Apply the same system to female instruction. Your bright little daughter of twelve is waiting for your decision. She is fond of the studies of her day school, fond of the teachings of her Sunday-school. Will you bring her up to be a happy wife and mother, or will you bring her up to be a distinguished preacher? The precedents before you are too few to assure you that she can be both. Will you condemn her to celibacy, or to the state far worse,

of one who has the cares without the tastes of domestic life, worn out with a double burden imperfectly borne; not the counsellor and fellow-laborer of her husband, but having her path apart from his, her circle of friends and admirers distinct from his, her will independent of his, — the two ruling their respective provinces, and meeting on terms of cold and unnatural equality, as historians tell us of their two Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand, King of Arragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile?

However you may think it proper for others, you will make no such choice for the darling daughter who now comes to you so lovingly in bright and blushing girlhood. No; she must be a true woman, with all the softness of her sex, with its strength, indeed, of patient endurance and heavenward trust, but with enough of its weakness to appreciate the manly strength of that arm which Providence has in training somewhere for the sacred task of sustaining and protecting her. But even should you decide differently, will you be able to carry out your choice? Nature may have her way in spite of you. While you are maintaining your theory of woman's rights, you are not experimenting on dead matter, but on a living human being, with a warm heart, on which is inscribed Heaven's own law of woman's rights and woman's duties; and that law, thousands of years old as it is, may carry the day against the last refinement of the nineteenth century. You carefully train your future reverend lady, carefully and successfully through all the interesting period of "the teens." But when the funds have been collected from the churches, and your daughter is in the last year of the Madame Guyon scholarship in the Hypatia Institute of Theology, there comes a catastrophe. Is it

"The blind fury with the abhorred shears,  
That cuts the fine-spun life"?

No, it is the blind god of love, with his bow and arrow, that cuts the fine-spun theory. The young divine, almost ready to preach, receives an invitation, not from a parish, but an individual; and the applicant, being a man, with the spirit of a man, thinks that he will be able to support his wife without



the necessity of her preaching. She breathes one sigh, as all her visions of future triumphs in eloquence and scholarship take their flight, but that is succeeded by a tenderer sigh, and she turns from the Hypatia Institute to the arms of domestic love, — her course being highly disapproved by the faculty and by you, but approved by the voice of Nature, which is the voice of its Divine Author.

We have brought forward this supposed instance playfully ; but does it not involve a serious argument ? Ought we to subject our daughters to a period of ten years' training for a profession, — a training which shall separate them entirely from what has been hitherto considered woman's work and woman's accomplishments, when the probability is that a Heaven-ordained and universal law of Nature will supersede the intended profession and render the education useless ?

We cannot be too careful that we connect no false idea, no questionable institution, with the grand future which Providence seems to be preparing for Liberal Christianity. In that future, woman will bear, as she has borne, a noble part. With such names as Mary Ware and Eliza Follen, and the living good and gifted whom we must not designate, will be associated others, in this and in coming generations, distinguished for varied scholarship, for poetic genius, for blessed works of Christian charity. With these endowments, they will not need the prominence of the pulpit to show forth their worth ; but their exalted gifts will be more highly prized, because ever held in union with unobtrusive, delicate refinement.

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How often do we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource ! We go to him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven ; that we have been compelled, as to the last remaining, so to the best, the only, the central help, the causing cause of all helps to which we had turned aside as nearer and better. — McDONALD.

## THE IRRELIGION OF POOR WORK.

BY JOHN C. KIMBALL.

HAPPENING, not long ago, to be in one of our large manufacturing places, where the chief article turned out is stockings, my attention was attracted by the exceeding care with which they were handled by the agent who was engaged in packing them away. He explained it was necessary to take them up tenderly and treat them with care, or they would fall to pieces before the establishment could get them off its hands. And thereupon, though they looked very nice and white and warm, he showed how it was possible to run the finger through many of them double, and that some would hardly bear their own weight in being lifted up. Yet they were going into the market for human beings with bones and flesh and muscle to put on and wear. They will be advertised and displayed from shop windows as a great bargain in stockings. Poor people will buy them because they are cheap; and they will be furnished to poor children, with shoes to match, as things with which to keep warm, and in which they are expected to grow up to the fear of God and the honor and love of all mankind. This case may have been an extraordinary one in the extent to which the worthlessness was carried, but there is the same element of shoddy and sham, of outside beauty and finish covering up inward defects, in a large part of our modern work. It is only by rare good luck that one can find an article, whatever its label or its cost may be, that is really good and genuine throughout both its workmanship and material. The market is flooded with poor manufactures in every department and variety of art. One of the secrets of success in business consists in the ability to work in the largest amount of poor stock with the least possible labor, and so as to have it look well on the outside. The process of imperfection is almost the only thing which is perfect. There is nothing which is too important or too sacred for its touch. Not the steamboat or the railroad car in which

we are to trust our dearest friends, not the altar or the church at which we are to worship God. It is one of the worst defects of our modern civilization, one that is well worthy of being considered from the stand-point of religion ; and though a paragraph was devoted to it in the March number of the "Religious Magazine," the subject is not by any means exhausted, and there are some of its separate bearings which need especially to be taken up.

First, the influence which it exerts on a person's own soul is positively bad. Not to speak of the dishonesty, the direct moral turpitude, which there often is in imposing a worthless article on the market, there is something in the very fact of making it, even when it is sold for exactly what it is, that is injurious and degrading. Man's character is formed not merely by the truth he is taught and by the influence of his friends and surroundings, but most of all, perhaps, considering how much of his attention and how large a part of his life are spent in labor, by the qualities which he puts into his work. Our structures instruct. We are made by what we make, edified according as we build. The inner and the outer life are connected with each other by a thousand subtle ties. The word insincerity, originally used, as is well known, with reference to vessels which had been cracked in the fire and then filled in with wax, was applied to persons not merely by a figure of speech, but for the more hidden reason that doing such work had a tendency of itself to make the man hollow and unsound. A human being cannot make shams all his life without having something of them creep into his own soul. The temper of the founder's steel goes up his arm in through his whole being. The hand that sprinkles chicory into coffee, gypsum into flour, meal into spices, water and chalk into milk, is sprinkling all the time a subtle effluvia of their adulteration into his own moral life. Being is only a very fine deposit of doing, character but the marks left on the soul by its passage through a long course of action. To be faithful and sound and thorough and good in ourselves, we must begin by being so in our work. There is a connection of effect as well as cause between Egypt's long

reign in history and its pyramids, between the grace of the Greek mind and its temples, between the religion of America, seeking for a robe of righteousness rather than for righteousness itself, and its shoddy cloth. It is by the marks which it leaves within that God brings every work of man's hands, whether it be good or evil, into judgment. And however successfully the manufacturer may pack up its rottenness to send out into the world, there is always sure to be the worst part of it left on his own soul.

Again, the effect of poor work is always bad, often terrible, on the well-being and safety of the community. Look at the heart-rending accidents which are occurring almost every week in one part or another of our country, almost always through the worthlessness of something which has been made. A machinist, in building a steam-engine, puts into the boiler a plate of cheap iron, or neglects to clinch a rivet, and a few weeks after there is a great explosion, by which a factory is blown up and a dozen or twenty of its workmen destroyed. A mason inserts a few thousand worthless brick into the walls of some house he is rearing, and by and by they tumble down with a crash on the heads of three or four unsuspecting families. Your wife or child is to go to some distant city. You take her on board of an elegant steamboat, where, apparently, all is safety and comfort, and she is bid, as you think, only for a few short days good-by; but under the paint and carpets and gilt moulding and showy upholstery, so taking to the eye, are rottenness and weakness and hasty work. A storm arises; the seams open; the timbers crack; and the vessel, with all her precious freight, goes down to the angry deep. A railroad company builds a shabby bridge, or puts a weak rail into its track, and in a little while a train of cars, thundering along at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, plunges through the poor work headlong down the bank into one mangled, bleeding, burning mass of wood and iron and human flesh. The community is shocked at such accidents, the newspapers filled for a few days with execrations over the negligence and incapacity by which they were caused; and there is a fierce outcry that the guilty parties be brought

to justice. Yet who are the guilty parties? Is not the trouble in the whole spirit of society; in the way of doing things to which all more or less have contributed; yea, perhaps in the very persons who in some of these cases are themselves the sufferers? There is often a providential retribution mingled in with such terrible accidents. The factory blown up by the flimsy boiler is itself engaged, it may be, in the manufacture of rotten stockings or shoddy cloth. The workman crushed under the falling house may himself have hurried over the rivet in the boiler. And the foundered steamboat, or the railroad train, plunged down the embankment to horror and ruin, may possibly have had more than one person in them riding with money they had got by making or selling some article as poor as the ship's knees or the railroad's broken rail. And where all are doing the same thing, are exposing the community to destruction by their work, if not actually involving them in it, is it really fair to punish the few by whom it happens actually to come?

Then, too, horrible as these great accidents are, they are not by any means the worst thing that society suffers from its bad work. It is always the little hidden agents, the miasmas, not the thunderbolts, which do the greatest mischief. And the loss and suffering and pain, yea, the destruction of life, which result every month silently and unseen from the making of cheap shoes, the sale of adulterated food, and the constructing of houses so as to shut out the sunlight and fresh air, are beyond question tenfold more than all we ever see reported in the newspapers under the big headings of Horrible Accident! Terrible Tragedy! Fearful Destruction of Human Life! The fact is, there is no safety for this great machine of society, which is really all one, so long as there is a single person in it who does his part ill. It is the duty of each separate member to do well and do with all his might whatsoever his hands may find to do. There is no knowing where the strain may fall, no knowing but the little pin you are manufacturing or selling may be the very pivot on which the whole question of life and death for scores of human beings may turn. It is the old doctrine of doing unto others whatsoever

things ye would that others should do unto you, being faithful in what you make for them, if you expect them to be faithful in what they make for you. There is no person who is not obliged to trust himself and those he holds dear in a thousand ways daily to the fidelity and strength with which something has been manufactured. And never, till every maker in the world makes everything he is set to do of the best material and in the best possible way, will he have the right to lay the blame for any accident which occurs on any of his fellow-men.

Again, poor work involves an enormous waste of labor. The cost of making a poor thing out of poor material, and then giving it the finish and gloss that will make it seem strong and good, is only a very little less than what it would be to make it all well at first, is really diminished in no sort of proportion to the lessening of its actual worth. I heard of a man once who attempted to make a watch out of clay. It certainly was not any easier to put it together and make it seem a watch than if the material had been gold and steel; and when it was done, after all, it was only a clay watch, nothing that would keep time or be of any real use. The shoddy stockings which would hardly bear the packing up had involved all the expense of picking, carding, spinning, weaving, and bleaching, and all the labor, perhaps for a month, of a dozen or twenty human beings, as much as though they had been made of fresh and perfect wool; yet, so far as serving anybody's need or comfort went, was not all that had been done to them utterly lost? The adulterated food which is sent to market, besides the toil and trouble of mixing in the worthless matter to begin with, so as to present the appearance of what is genuine, has to be lifted, transported, stored, advertised, packed up, and sold with just as much labor as though it was all pure and good; and even allowing the ingredients are simply harmless, it is quite as much a waste of work as it would be if an equal quantity of earth had been scooped up and carried through all this process, only to be thrown away in the end. So with every other case in which a thing is false and hollow: the labor bestowed upon it is lost



just in proportion as it departs either in material or workmanship from the best that can be obtained; and though it may seem small in any one thing, yet, take the world through, it is immense. A large part of the drudgery which is blighting the lives and wearing down to the grave so many men and women is due to this cause. There is work enough done every year to more than double the comforts and luxuries of every human being on earth, if it was only applied to what is real and genuine. The subject of shortening a day's labor to eight or ten hours, so as to allow the workman some time for rest and reading, is brought up from year to year before our legislators. All legislating, however, will be utterly in vain which does not go down to the root of the matter. It is the use of work which needs to be attended to; and if the whole of it was only genuine, what is done now might be accomplished not merely with a toil of eight, but of four or five hours every day.

But perhaps it is said the workman needs all this labor to be done in order to make a living; and if he only gets his two or three dollars a day for what he puts in the market, no matter whether it is good or bad, he gets the worth of his work, and it is all the same to him. Yea, farther than this, it is sometimes argued that making poor things, shoddy cloth, flimsy shoes, rotten furniture, articles which wear out quickly, is an advantage to the manufacturer, as it renders trade brisk, and increases the demand, and with it the price for labor. It is forgotten, however, in this argument that the laborer is not only a producer, but a consumer; and that, if he sells a poor article for a round price, he has got to use the money right off in buying a poor one at the same cost. There is something almost ludicrous in the self-satisfaction with which the members of society are engaged in this way in imposing on each other, very much as there might be in seeing a company of pickpockets, each with his hand in his neighbor's pocket, and each with his own pocket being rifled at the same time by his neighbor's hand. The operation of the principle is evident at once when applied to a small number. Here, say, are two neighbors, one a shoemaker and the other a manufac-

turer of cloth. The shoemaker produces a pair of pasteboard shoes, which he sells to the weaver for three dollars, fifty per cent. less than good ones would cost, and lasting, perhaps, only ten per cent. as long. The money he immediately uses in buying of the weaver six yards of shoddy cloth, which is cheap and durable in just about the same proportions! Has either been really the gainer? Nay, have they not both been losers just so far as their work was poor? If the man was making a pair of shoes for himself, would he not make them well, and consider that all the work that he used in covering up their defects and giving them the appearance of strength was lost? And would the fact that his making them poor must necessitate another pair the next week, and keep labor brisk, be a very great advantage? But how is the case any different when he is going to exchange them for his neighbor's cloth? Is it not of just as much advantage that he should have cloth which is strong and good, just as much a loss of labor, in spite of its keeping trade brisk, that the effort should be made to make it seem good when it is not? Is it not, in fact, simply an exchange of losses? But the principle which obtains between these two producers holds, also, between two millions, holds between the whole vast body of society. We have all got to consume as well as produce. And the person who would have a thing good for himself and get the most out of his own labor, must make good things for others, and give the most for theirs. It is only another application of the golden rule, only goes to show how true it is that we are all members one of another. The principles of the gospel, after all, are the real principles of political economy. And though religion is often sneered at as having nothing to do with politics or business, it is now and then through such facts as these that we get a glimpse of it as the only safe ground on which they can be conducted.

Finally, the way in which even the humblest work is done is directly concerned with the establishment of the kingdom of God here on earth. It is sometimes supposed that truth is the special instrument by which its triumph is to be brought about, and that the preacher alone is responsible for its prog-

ress. The kingdom of God, however, includes everything which relates to the culture, elevation, and perfection of society, everything which goes to make the human race what our heavenly Father designed it to be. Its foundations rest on earth and on the perfection of earthly things. It is impossible to have spiritual good alone. The various parts of our being and the various elements of our human life are all bound up inseparably with each other, the highest with the lowest, so that it is impossible to raise one without lifting up all. Its builders are all true men, all who contribute in any way to the supply of real human wants. It is wood, iron, stone, leather, wool, and cotton, as well as righteousness and truth, which go to make its walls. And it is factories and workshops and grocers' stores, no less truly than churches and chapels, by which it is carried on.

Every man, every workman, especially, ought to consider this, in deciding on the manner in which he will do his work. It is not for himself alone that he is placed here to labor, not to see how much wealth, how much honor and power and happiness, how much salvation, even, he will lay up in his own behalf, but to be a laborer with God for great, eternal ends. The Almighty has given him a wonderful heritage, given him the one and two and five talents, given him the golden sunshine, the perfect seed, the sound wood and metal, and the wondrous truth of art and science; given him the religious faith bought with the precious blood of his own Son. And now, in return, is it fair that he should make over to God's world, for all these, only a lot of shoddy cloth, rotten buildings, pinchbeck jewelry, brass watches, and poisoned food? Is there any piety and prayer, any amount of virtue in his own soul, which can make up for such a way of using up himself and God's goods? Has he accomplished the real end of his being, anything which is worthy of his ambition as a true child of God, got any true title to his possessions, even his virtues, unless along with them he has made the world the richer and the better? No; in the larger view, the mechanic is just as responsible as the minister for the motives and the way in which he does his work. The hypocrite in

the workshop, that is, the man who uses God's wood and iron to put on the appearance of what is strong and real, is just as bad as the hypocrite in the pulpit, the man who uses God's truth to put on the appearance of piety and virtue. And so, too, the good and true man everywhere is a servant of God, a worker for eternity; he who forges an anchor strong, equally with him who proclaims an immortal hope; he who builds a house well, side by side with him who forms a character. The only safe, the only Christian way, is for every person to do his best, do with all his might whatsoever his hands may find to do. There is no blotting out anything which has once been made. What though its outward form perish! What though a hundred years from now there will not be a single fragment left of all the articles which, the past week, have come from our hands! The work itself, the real thing, has not gone the less into the permanent making of the world. The condition of society, the health and well-being of the race, will be affected by the manner in which it has been performed. The ages travel in our shoes, wear our garments, live in our houses, eat of our stores, long after the generations to whom they first came have worn them out and used them up. There is a fine thread in every loom of time which runs on into eternity, a spark out of every anvil that lights up all the future, one end of every rivet which is clinched far behind the remotest years. Not a stitch has been dropped, not a pasteboard shoe put into the market the past week, that will not keep back in some way the coming of the kingdom of heaven. And not a plate of glass made clear, not a house built strong, not a perfect nail turned out of the humblest mechanic's shop in all time, that will not show something of their light and strength and finish in the great temple of God forever.

Surely, then, there is such a thing as a religion not only of good works, but of good work. The gospel has a message even for our hands. The essence of Christianity is found in what a person makes as well as in what he does. God will bring into judgment literally every work that is wrought on earth, every secret bit of shoddy, even, that is put into our

manufactures. It is truth in the inward parts of houses and garments and wares, as well as of souls, that he desires ; salvation that is wrought out at the anvil, the bench, and the lathe, as well as in the prayer-meeting and the pulpit ; the threads of character as well as cloth that are spun at the jenny and woven in at the loom ; the hopes of humanity that rise and fall in workshops with the swing of hammers as truly as on battle-fields with the swing of swords. There is no high and noble quality of the human soul which can be expressed in what is thought and felt, that cannot be expressed also in what is made. And, conceived of in this spirit, carried on for this end, every employment, everything even which deals with the crudest form of matter, is a work of God, a thing for which it will be said at last, " Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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LIVING IN GOD.

For worthy living open thou the heavens !  
 Open the heart of God and — live in it.  
 Thou livest in thy house, thy house again  
 Lies in the country, and the country lies  
 On earth, and earth lies in the lap of heaven,  
 It swims therein, reposes in God's world, —  
 And God's world rests *deep in the heart of God !*  
 Live worthily, O man, thou liv'st in God,  
 God lives in thee, he lives in all the heavens,  
 He lives here on the earth, lives in thy land,  
 He lives within thy house, he lives in thee !  
 For worthy living open thou the heavens !  
 Open the heart of God, and live in him !

— THE LAYMAN'S BRIEVIARY.

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THE true aim of a Christian is to be as much like God, that is, as perfect, as his faculties and means allow him to be ; and to appear to men neither more nor less perfect than he is, or appears to himself. — C. FOLLEN.

## WOMAN'S LABOR.

WE suppose that there is hardly any one among the defenders of woman's rights who would deny that the duties of wifehood and maternity constitute the prominent functions of woman; and we trust that the number of those who assert that therein ends her destiny is constantly diminishing. As well might it be said, that in paternity and the support of a family lie all the duties of a man.

Nor does her claim to labor depend on her sex, but on her capacity; and that capacity will be differently appreciated according to the standard and customs in each country of self-development and freedom. Behind all this, however, there is an indefinable dread of, or stigma attached to, labor, in itself considered, when exercised by a woman, that must be removed before she can bring out her capacities to their fullest extent. There seems to be a vague idea afloat that woman and labor are not compatible. This idea prevails largely in America, where the generally elevated character of man delights in providing woman with a home, and in keeping her, sheltered from hard necessities, within its precincts, into which the claims of political and industrial life must enter chiefly as theories.

That woman does labor here in the United States, we do not of course deny, nor that there is an increasing number of departments in which she can work. But we do earnestly contend that these various departments are too much in one direction, and that to be a working woman is not considered as respectable an occupation as to be a working man. That this difference should lie in the question of sex is right only in so far as a different functional structure requires at times the forbearance and tenderness of man. The amount of difference is exaggerated, and would be greatly lessened, we think, if woman labored in out-door occupations. Before such can become the general practice, our ideas of labor must be changed. Why is it more derogatory for a woman to dig potatoes than for a man? Both are human beings. And if



the farmer's daughter occasionally hoes and plants to help her father, why may not some other young woman, who has no father to aid, earn her daily bread by hiring herself out as day laborer? On account of her health, it is answered. How, then, we ask, can German women do it? How is it that in England it is the woman's back which brings up from the depths of the earth baskets laden with coal? American women are different, it is again replied. Granted, but by their own choice. For at least every sixty women who cannot perform out-door work, there are twenty who can, if they would; and if they best like such work, why should a false conception of the relative dignities of various kinds of labor restrict them from working in an enjoyable and natural manner? Certainly her health would be far better in employment in the open air than in confinement in hot, crowded rooms. Is a woman less feminine because the play of the muscles is seen in her brawny arm? Are her eyes less gentle because bent on the earth rather than on the needle? Young and middle-aged women could perform as thoroughly all the light farm work that is now done by boys (we do not say by men, because we know that there is much heavy work that they better, perhaps alone, can do); and the boys, finding their places occupied, would remain longer at school; thus laying a securer foundation for the future prospects of America, which depend on the average education of the masses. If it is good for a consumptive man to be occupied in the farm stable, why not for the consumptive woman? The swearing and coarse manners considered as characteristic of stable life are not indigenous to it; and the matter of sex should not make tolerant a sin, hideous in itself.

We recall a little town in Vermont whose graveyard bore record to the fact that most of its male inhabitants had been twice or thrice married, — an evidence of overwork on the part of the women, as it was considered, and not peculiar to that farming region alone. Many farmers' wives and daughters do work very hard in the house, in the dairy, in the barnyard, and somewhat on the farm. If their work is the occasion of their death, it is produced by the amount rather than

by the kind of labor. Men die as frequently from overtaxed strength. How many of those women would have been willing to hire themselves out with the usual stipulation of certain hours reserved for themselves, and yet would consider it no disgrace to do slop-work for stores, on a miserable pittance, in a miserable attic!

Injury is done to a woman's physical capabilities by the notion that she is only equal to a certain kind, or to a small amount, of labor. Take a man or woman at the age of forty, and, under the usual conditions of different bringing up, the man will be far the stronger; but if the woman had also been employed in out-door hard work from her early years, her strength would bear a greater relative proportion to the man's. It is not only an enlarged sphere of action in in-door occupation which we entreat for woman, but for a right to labor in any out-door employment unprejudicial to her health, and to be considered as true a woman in her farming, gardening, vine-dressing, and messenger means of livelihood, as in serving and bookkeeping.

That labor is the most dignified which is best adapted to the health and mental capacity of the individual, without any regard to the supposed rank of such labor. Labor must be rightly appreciated by the upper classes before the middle and lower can be induced to regard it in its proper light. We do not mean that a due estimation of it is lacking in those with whom labor is an actual necessity, but that its respectability is not sufficiently regarded by that large part of the population whose annual income barely suffices for daily needs; who would rather spend days and nights in making old clothes good as new than injure their standing in society by a day's earnings. If a woman herself is willing, her friends occasionally demur at her opening a boarding-house, or sewing, or copying, — all of which is more or less respectable, — but seriously object to her exercising manual labor in shops and families. If compelled to support herself, it had better be done with closed doors and drawn curtains. Fathers, husbands, brothers, would prefer that their wives, daughters, or sisters should sigh for the pleasure of a concert than procure the means for it by honest earnings, openly bestowed.

Most women, even those with large families, have time to earn a little, and in our American society the families could be counted by hundreds where the master of the house is able to supply sufficient food and warmth, but cannot furnish any of the little enjoyments which make life graceful. Yet to the wives and daughters of such a man, who know that their fingers might procure that extra want, the only reply vouchsafed by him is the poor apology, "I should be ashamed to have you work;" possibly he may be so far enlightened as to consent to their proposal on the condition of utmost secrecy, thus casting a shadow on the ennobling feeling of self-support. Such women do not wish to be excused from labor; they want to use all the ability they possess, as tradeswomen or as seamstresses. Much of their work can be carried to their homes, and, when done to procure some self-educating luxury for their family, would only interfere with the useless embroidery on their children's clothes, not with any want of attention given to their offspring, or to their housekeeping. A woman's first duty is to supply the wants of her home, if she has one; after that is done, there will always be some time left on the hands of any one of wisely directed energies; a slipshod woman will always be slipshod. A wife does not like to sadden her husband, often burdened to the utmost of his strength, by the expression of wishes which he can never gratify; but with how much honest pride might she reverse the general custom, and give him something earned by her own fingers, or obtain for her whole family an innocent pleasure. The women of the upper classes do not need to work, those in the lower ones must, and those in the middle ones had better not, for the sake of appearances. None but a cowardly man would work less because his wife worked some in departments out of the immediate household. Public attention is every day called to the wickedly small receipts of those who sew for shops, or of all who are underpaid in the strictly called working classes. But is it seen that one cause for these small payments is found in the slight esteem everywhere accorded to labor? It is not considered respectable to work, therefore little attention is given

to the merits of the work. It is deemed better to have inherited an income, or to live sparsely, than to work, though none sing the praises of labor more loudly than those who, if working, do it secretly. Let honest, respectable women work with their husbands and fathers, work for a fair price, producing thoroughly good work, and the modern demand for culture and the every-day demand for more comfort would be answered in a few years in more tastefully furnished sitting-rooms, in small but good libraries, and in photographs of good subjects.

Most women have, before their marriage, the command of three or four hours in the day, to be spent in unnecessary sewing, in reading, or in earning, as they may choose. After marriage, from fifteen to thirty years are occupied with the cares of an increasing family, during which interval of time, hours, days, and weeks might be saved by well-systematized arrangements. Not much time gained in each day, but a great deal throughout the whole period.

It is said that employers do not wish employees who cannot devote all their time to the interests of some special business. Practically, however, employers are constantly changing their "hands." Some remain for a week, others months. Any woman who would do her work well would find those who would gladly avail themselves of the small portion she can give. It rests with woman to command a fair price for her labor by good work. Her wages now bear a more equal proportion to the man's than they have done; it is for her to make them still more equal by rivalling his work in thoroughness and ability. Such power is not wanting to the woman, but the miserable twaddle about her quick intuitions and her facility in creating a good appearance or outside in any given thing, has led her, for generations, to esteem swiftness above thoroughness. That she can exercise both qualities, history and private experience testify.

Few women are occupied with exclusively maternal cares after the age of forty-five, leaving ten or fifteen years in which they can find abundance of time for labor, before old age encroaches upon their abilities. It is during the very period

that a woman is occupied with her children and her own sufferings that we maintain she can yet earn something, if she will, without detriment to the health or education of her children. Else how is it that our washerwomen cook for their husbands, bear children, nurse them, and dress them, and yet do the washing and scrubbing of their wealthier neighbors? We are told that their children suffer from lack of attention, but we question whether they are not as honest and true as those of the middle classes. Much education cannot be imparted to them by their mothers, who have but little themselves, while those who possess both the ability and the desire to teach their children will do it, whilst partially occupied with sewing. Such women make one ashamed of the inefficiency and self-indulgence of others whose income barely quadruples theirs, and who relatively need four times as much again.

A more forcible objection brought against the propriety of the woman, married or unmarried, who works while she has a household to govern, and is not in pressing want, states itself thus: that by taking for labor, for which she would receive remuneration, the small allotment of time which is hers after the necessary work of the day is done, she lessens her opportunities for reading, slight at the best; that she needs the recreation afforded by some books and the stimulus given by others; and that her children, if she has any, must consequently suffer. We grant that the hard-working woman must often read for amusement, and therefore will; but feeling that it is amusement alone which is thus obtained, which is also procured in more social ways, she will give but little time to it in the course of the year. As regards the instruction that can be derived from perusal of books, she will be too tired to digest it, or not even know enough at the outset to care about it. Her knowledge must be gained step by step, perhaps best, at first, by an entertaining book which will awaken curiosity for more solid information on some special point. Her individual intellectual development will grow slowly, whilst that of her generation will be somewhat in advance of the preceding, giving a wider foundation for her successors to

build upon. That women might improve more rapidly, is not to be denied, but the generality of them wont, because they don't want to. They had rather sew than study two hours. We are apt to conclude, from exceptional cases, that all women are hungering for more mental food. They are pining for fresh religious life, for employment, and for cultivation of the affections, but not to learn that which is not easy to acquire. A woman's children need not suffer; because her own tastes are not highly cultivated, it does not follow that they are so dormant that she would not endeavor to bring out in them, by the aid of others, what she herself may personally little value. It is only a few of the modern generation who despise their mothers and grandmothers because they had less book knowledge than is possessed by their descendants. The cry for culture is not universal. Each one wants more, but the original stock of many is so small that the perception of want is scarcely felt. The character of a mother, more than her acquirements, aids her children. Neither most women nor most men are especially intellectual. Intelligence is the word that matches mediocrity, and most people are mediocre, though their descendants may be distinguished. There will always be those behind who will have to strive for what is ahead of them. Meanwhile, intelligence is fruitful and peaceful.

The question of labor is specially interesting in regard to unmarried women, who must depend wholly or partially on their own earnings. With them, generally speaking, want of time cannot be offered as an excuse, nor want of health. While the married woman must find employment which can be pursued in her own home, such as plain sewing, tailoring, fancy work for stores, shoe-binding, button and trimming making, copying, etc., the unmarried woman is left free in her choice of any of these exclusively feminine means of livelihood, or can enter upon many of the avocations of man. Her opportunities as a tradeswoman should be daily increased. How many morbid sentimentalities and sickly headaches might be avoided by absorption in some congenial trade. The bread is not merely to be earned, but to be earned in



happiness. Why should not a woman become as interested in the sawing out of some delicate piece of cabinet work as a man, and dream of new designs and combinations? In some of the lighter departments of this trade a woman could succeed admirably. In wood-carving, her fancy and delicacy of touch might find ample scope. Her religious aspirations, her loneliness, her joy in achievement, and the harmony of her nature could find expression in quaintly carved frames and ornaments, — thus imitating the old Gothic masters who revelled in the large field of delight and utterance which architecture opened to them. Women of less ability would make good paper-hangers and house-painters of in-door work. We heard an architect express his determination to employ women in his office for draughting purposes, as soon as he could find those who drew well. It is not long since a woman's work was considered detrimental to printing, and now, in many establishments, they are preferred to men as type-setters. Woman must do her work well. If below a man's in ability, the remuneration is rightly proportioned to its lack of excellence. If the women of this generation, from want of special training, are better fitted to be housekeepers and wives than trades-women or type-setters or wood-carvers, their wages will be small. Yet let the women of our day remember that manual skill can be transmitted through the subtle forces of inheritance, as well as intellectual ability; not alone from a special woman to a special child, for the collective force and difficult acquirement of one generation become by adoption and evolution the common property of the next. No woman with manual skill or mental worth need linger in idleness. The avenues to labor are open, let her enter in and take possession; let her conduct be womanly and her work good; others will follow in her footsteps, and slander and opposition cease.

Again, it is said that if women of the middle class work, the poorer ones will be superseded. The law of supply and demand has never ceased to establish itself. An outcry has always been raised at the introduction of any labor-saving machine, of which the sewing-machine, a few years ago, is

an instance. Now it has created new means of labor, and become a blessing to thousands by direct use, and by the creation of different means of work which opened for those who, at first, found themselves, through its agency, without employment. The history of the use of steam and of the establishment of factories shows the same loud wail and the same final triumph. Labor-saving is really labor-gaining. Create labor, and the laborer arises. Take certain tools from the hands of one man and give them to another, and the first finds he can do something else, because he must. The competition of these two classes of women would diminish slop-work, in consequence of the smaller pay that at first would be offered, the number of sewers being larger. Then this number, finding the means of livelihood in it absolutely impossible, would decrease, seeking out-door work or a trade, and those who remained would only sew well and for good pay; the shop-keepers would be obliged to furnish better material and sell better, therefore, in the end, cheaper, clothing. Such might be only one of the results of the wider spread of labor among the respectable classes.

We are constantly expecting that the generation with whom any reform begins are to be immediate participants in its advantages. On the contrary, our reforms and our labor are for our children, yet more for our children's children, and theirs again for still distant ages. It is a poor faith that demands an instant prospect.

We have said that labor must begin in the upper classes. By that we do not mean that those who have enough should lessen by their efforts the success of others; such would be an unwise enthusiasm. To those who have large means at their disposal other fields of labor lay open. But if the rich overlook this middle class, affording it neither aid nor friendship, and help only the absolutely poor, they but clothe the body, and leave unsupplied those aching, timid minds who feel that somehow it is right for them to earn, but need the support of a brave, influential friend in their first efforts. Let the rich women open large establishments for work, which they shall personally direct, and let the middle class come to

them, equally with the extreme poor. If such a combination of female strength had existed, the voting question might not yet have been agitated. Are not many women influenced in their desire to become voters by the indefinite expectation that, if voters, they could do a thousand indefinite things now denied them? How much of modern philanthropy has come out of the unoccupied time of women who longed to be doing something? When all women have a chance to work, there will be no time for unhealthy confidences, Dr. Holmes' ministerial friendships, or self-discontent. What would the fifteenth century have said to a Mrs. Fry or a Mary Carpenter? The mass of women are neither prominently intellectual nor philanthropic, nor gregarious in their tastes, but they are active, and this activity cannot be worked off in their homes; the surplus must be exhausted in well-paid work indoors and out of doors.

Not even teachers receive the respect or the remuneration due them. Where even a teacher of a successful private school is able to demand that which she has a right to claim, her scholars often regard her as a paid teacher, as one working for her living, which gives them an unconscious right to annoy her in careless ways. The same disposition is manifested in college. Paid labor is placed at a disadvantage compared with unpaid labor.

One of the worst results of chivalry remains in the common impression that a woman is to be treated differently from the rest of mankind; that, because she is a woman, a man must resign his seat, and not because that particular individual, be he man or be she woman, wears a wearied look; that trifling subjects of conversation or loose arguments are specially adapted to the fancy of all women; that her tenderness and self-abnegation, her virtue and morality, are more exalted than a man's; that, in short, she is to be spared from all hardships, imagined or real. All such comparisons and adjustments of various excellencies between men and women are unjust. A good man and a good woman exercise nearly the same virtues in nearly the same degrees. The average of men possess every whit as much modesty and power of self-

sacrifice and gentleness as women ; and the average of women possess already as much moral, and would soon, under different educational treatment, as much mental strength as men.

Again we say, that a woman does not want to be excused from anything. If a special woman is better fitted than a special man to bear all manner of fatigue or work, lay it all upon her ; refuse her nothing as a woman, seek other grounds for the reason of denial. Numerous exceptional cases have proved her exceptional ability ; if, now, the average equality is to be manifested, let her come forward and show that, without loss of health or charm of manner, she can be farmer or gardener, can understand and manage her own business affairs, and carry on a successful wholesale or retail trade.

It is for women to prove that the sweetest home-life can be combined with outside labor for the sake of that home ; that that labor is worthy of proper remuneration, and brings new treasures of delight to the family ; and it is for her to claim, on behalf of the unmarried, homeless women, that society should open to them new avenues of labor, in which they should be as well treated and respected as men. A woman's destiny is not marriage any more than it is a man's, and until that principle is left out of a girl's education she will often fail in courage to select a vocation for herself, and will wait with folded hands or busy hands and heavy heart for something to turn up. The end and aim of each woman is her own highest development, now gained by labor in which she is thoroughly interested, and now by culture. Married or unmarried life constitutes the given circumstances under which she is to reach the highest fruition of her own being ; and for women of the large middle class of this country labor is for the present, perhaps for many years to come, the most successful means of enfranchisement of both body and soul.

G.

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HONOR yourself, and you will be honored ; despise yourself, and you will be despised.

AN hour's patience will procure a long period of rest.

SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.\*

BY REV. JAMES D'NORMANDIE.

(Continued.)

It is with strange emotion one draws near a spot of which he has heard all his years, to which desire long cherished leads, and when actual vision takes the place of pictures, or descriptions. Antiquity has for us all a charm, or, at least, a sensation peculiar to itself. The home of our parents, the land of our ancestors, the old time reaching so far back that, poetry says, the purity of man was worthy the companionship of gods.

We left Cairo on Thursday, the 14th of February, early in the morning, to visit the pyramids. The day was, as others preceding and following, a day which made its calm beauty felt,—a day not fairer than we have at home, but where the perfect tranquillity around disposes to a kind of divine meditation. And the very day recalled one of the strange features of living in that land,—the fear of unpleasant weather never enters into their arrangements for journeying. The Nile, giver of all blessings to the Egyptians, needs no rain to keep its channel full, and they know that each day's sun will rise unclouded, and the future be always fair. This very fact seems to have an unfavorable influence on their life, removing the thoughts of a Providence in the outward world, which constant changes bring near. We passed through old Cairo, with its busy scene of filthy life, and soon were on the bank of the Nile, lined with rough boats having the lateen sails, and managed by vociferating Arabs, afraid of the river-god they so devoutly worship. The Nile is turbid and brown, like the Tiber or Jordan, larger than the Rhine or Danube, and approaching the size and grandeur of our western rivers. Its flow is slow and vast. In the gallery of the Vatican at Rome we had seen its sculptured representation, the huge, recumbent figure of a god. In the marble of the base are the waves, a sphinx offers a support

\* These sketches were prepared for Sunday Discourses at the Vesper Service.

for the left elbow. Sixteen children, surrounding the figure, in every attitude, are symbolic of the sixteen cubits to which the river should rise to render Egypt fertile. One of the figures puts the crown upon the river's head, another some wheat into one of his hands, another stands with folded arms in the cornucopia the river holds in his other hand, while the rest of the figures play with the animals native to Egypt. It is not without reason that this river has long been regarded as the most famous in the world, or that it should receive a sincere worship. As we crossed it, we saw on our right, a little farther down the stream, on the island of Rhodah, the celebrated Nilometer, and afterwards visited it. In the centre of a large chamber is a graduated column or pillar, not unlike the scale of a thermometer, divided into distances of twenty-two inches, by which the height of the annual inundation is measured, and the promise of the year foretold. Every morning criers through the streets of Cairo proclaim the rise of the river, the daily news in comparison with which everything else is unimportant. It is the political event of greatest significance to the nation, a presidential campaign of intensest anxiety, upon the issues of which depends the prosperity or wretchedness of all the people, and the Egyptians discuss the inundation of the Nile as village peasants settle the affairs of government. Indeed, it is the only thing of enough importance to take them out of their listless indifference. When the Nile rises from twenty-two to twenty-five feet, the government rests easy, for the treasury will be filled; when it falls below sixteen or eighteen feet, famine is inevitable, and the gayety of the court ceases, and the wealthiest become fearful, and even fatalism bestirs itself. For a few days after the rise begins, the river is of a muddy red color, as if changing into blood, and full of animalculæ, so that even the natives will not drink without straining it. Hence, far from being miraculous, it is hardly poetical when the early Scriptures say, "The water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood upon the dry land;" and again, "The river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river;" "And there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt."



The Nile water is, however, very sweet and pleasant when cooled by evaporation in the earthen or stone jars everywhere in use, and, as of the fountain of Trevi in Rome, so the Egyptians say of the Nile, that no one drinks of it without always longing to return and drink of it again. There are still other reasons making this so famous among the rivers of the earth. Herodotus speaks of Egypt as the gift of the Nile, and indeed this whole land, which is a valley, seems to have been created, as it is sustained, by this wondrous river. On either side is the desert, and, as far back as memory or history could reach, raged this eternal conflict between the sand and the water, the desert and the river. From the desert, the Egyptian, as well as the Arab to-day, had everything to fear; from the river, everything to hope; the latter was the emblem of life, the former, of death. By the Nile gathered all greenness, freshness, and joy; by the desert was all desolateness, solitude, and fear. The Nile was the font, the desert was the tomb.

After reaching the sandy bank on the other side, we rode along through an Arab village, across and along embankments thrown up for irrigation, past groves of palms, until the line of vegetation was crossed, and the sandy plain began. All the time the pyramids were in full view, commanding an awed silence. Perhaps it is impossible to draw any great wonder which for many ages has claimed the homage of men, and view it apart from the appearances which myth, mystery, antiquity, and fancy have thrown around it. Even as we stand before the pyramids, they have some of the memories of school-days, some of the ideal garb of childhood's imagination, around the mountain-mass of solid and polished stone reaching from the sand to the sky. A traveller sees many things to disappoint him; many which are different, very different, from their representations; some which surpass, some which fall very far below expectation; some of deepest interest to one, of no interest to another. The pyramids belong to that class whose simple majesty seems to claim for them a place among superhuman rather than human works, so entirely like even the plainest wood-cuts of the geographies, so

utterly beyond any representation whatever. So overshadowing are the proportions of the great pyramid that one is very likely to pass by the equally famous Sphinx, although it has a height above the sand of forty feet. Warned by others, we kept a most careful watch as we drew near, and soon found ourselves tracing the outlines of human features in the monster rock which, half-man, half-lion, and symbolical of the mysterious nature of the Deity, kept watch over the entrance to the abodes of the dead, the mightiest sentinel, watching most faithfully and longest, by the mightiest tombs on earth. Mutilated as the dark head and form of the Sphinx are, and rude as it appears in features, its colossal proportions are by no means in a kind of graceful outline. The nose has been broken off, the royal helmet of Egypt, once on its head, is gone, the great stone beard is gone, and it is, perhaps, one-third covered in the sand. Its length was once one hundred and forty feet, and the circumference of its head around the forehead one hundred and two feet, all cut in the natural rock and polished. A traveller says that, while looking once at the Sphinx, a man was seen sitting in a fold of the neck, as a fly might appear on a horse's mane, while above him was the dressed hair on either side the face, each bunch a mass of stone which might crush a dwelling-house. How stately and imposing this statue must have been when it embodied the idea of worship of a vast nation, when along the great pavement in front of it, enclosed by its paws, the multitudes marched in to the pyramids and the great cemeteries in the sand, when under its breast was an altar, on which for ages were kindled the sacrificial fires. All around it we found tombs and sculptured figures of the dead, in the sand far below the surface, in tombs of massive blocks of most exquisitely polished stone, joined by that perfect workmanship in masonry which has not yet been surpassed, perhaps not equalled.

The large pyramid stands on a sand plateau more than an hundred feet above the highest rise of the Nile. It is only by going around it that one forms any conceptions of its size, for here is a mass of masonry covering more than twelve

acres, and reaching a height of four hundred and fifty feet, or more than twice that of the shaft on Bunker Hill. Great piles of stone broken off from the sides, or hurled down from the top, lie around, for, as Rome found a quarry in the Colosseum, so Cairo finds one in the pyramids. An oppressive feeling, almost a panting for breath, seizes you as first you enter the stone passage into the interior of the pyramid, and the heat is intense. This feeling soon passes off, and you give way to the constant wonder which the solid masonry creates. Everywhere the huge blocks so nicely cut and fitted together that the line can be traced with greatest difficulty, and not even a knife-blade thrust between, and all polished to the brilliancy of a mirror. The wonder does not pass away when you find yourself in the chamber of the king, and by the great and elegant sarcophagus in which Cheops was laid after he reared for himself so lasting a monument. The light flashes from the polished walls. The ascent of the pyramid on the outside is by no means difficult, with the ready help of the Arab guides. There is everywhere, certainly, the sense of solid safety, and the only fatigue is from the height of the steps, sometimes over four feet, and the only danger from the smoothness in places. It is quite certain that no labor of men's hands could have placed the great stones near the top, and all unknown is the mechanical power they used. What must this greatest of the pyramids have been, when all the recesses of the steps were filled in with stone, the whole of the sides smoothly finished and polished, and covered with hieroglyphics! While we sat down to rest and gaze and think, our Arab guides gambled with French napoleons on the summit. There was Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, other tomb-pyramids in group all around, the Nile with its heavy flow, and the line so distinctly traced between the green grass and whitish-gray sand. A caravan winding through the desert we longed to see, but could not.

The connection of Hebrew with Egyptian history begins at a very early date. Abraham doubtless resembled the Bedouin chiefs we saw every day, with just such habits of life, and just such possessions for his treasures; and when, from his wild, pastoral life, he came into the culture of the old

Egyptian nation, which for centuries had had its government, laws, society, and institutions, when he came to the schools and worship of the great temple of the Sun at On or Heliopolis, when he wandered through its streets of palaces and colonnades, saw its luxury and want, its faithlessness and faith, then, perhaps, there came upon him the aspirations for a higher religion for his people, as a greater than Abraham felt when the world's faith swelled his divine soul, as he came from his Nazareth home up to Jerusalem to worship, and while in the Temple found in his soul the Temple of the living God. Those temples have all fallen into ruin, only the pyramids remain; even they have begun to yield to time but the faith of Abraham, childish, yet entire, how fresh it lives in the world's heart!

Then we find Jacob and his descendants making Egypt their home, coming to the wondrous land the Nile made fertile when famine was elsewhere; here Joseph came and made a story pleasing to the ear of childhood, as long as childhood shall be; here Moses grew to be the deliverer of Israel, who ought to have better learned the lesson of the Exodus. It is in Egypt we find man first worshipping the Unseen, and feeling the Unseen to be the Eternal. It was from Egypt that many of the leading ideas of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem were taken. These are the associations which, besides the charm of antiquity, make Egypt interesting, and make one long to visit it before Palestine, and linger to leave it. We there first saw the same kind of life which reaches back to the day of Jesus and Moses and Abraham. One morning as I was walking beyond the walls of Cairo, I saw by one of the wells, so numerous and so necessary, a woman with a little child, and a water-bottle by their side. It was not the complete picture, but how suggestive, of the scene of Hagar resting in the wilderness, the bondwoman sent away, but the promise to her more literally fulfilled than to the free, and how has the mother's cry for God to help the orphan opened the skies since then; how

"Many a languid prayer

Has reached Thee from the wild,

Since the lone mother, wandering there,

Cast down her fainting child."

Herodotus says of the Egyptians, "They are extremely religious, and surpass all men in the worship they render to the gods." The same may be truly said of the Mohammedans to-day, save that, instead of the gods, one must confess their worship is purely monotheistic. Their constant objection to the Christians is, that we do not distinguish between Jesus of Nazareth and the Supreme Being, and therefore we must be idolaters; and, as we saw Christianity represented by the Greek, Latin, Armenian, and English Churches, with their show of idolatry, and with the unchristian spirit of sectarianism everywhere marking these churches, there is no reason why any Mohammedan should desire to be a convert. The constant reply of guides or servants, when questioned about Christianity, was, "You Christians are idolaters." Whatever help the forms of the Romish or English Churches may be to some worshippers, the vast Mohammedan body is proof they are not in the least necessary to a devout life. The mosques of this people, with their one great dome, are almost as simple as a Quaker meeting-house. The minarets are light, slender, and graceful, and the call of the muezzin is not without the suggestion of devotion. Their worship seems to consist, not so much in gathering together for prayers, as in bowing down, wherever they may be, with their faces toward Mecca. One cannot go far on any road, at the hour for prayers, without meeting these people at their devotions. A few prostrations upon the earth, a slight movement of the lips, and they have worshipped. In comparison with the very formal and slight hold the worship of the Romanists in their cathedrals seems to have upon them, turning as they constantly are to gaze at strangers, or the poor to ask an alms, the rapt expression and the stolid indifference of the Mohammedan to all of earth are very marked. Near every mosque is a fountain, where they perform their ablutions before entering the temple, or along the roadside by a rivulet, or a well, they do the same before commencing their devotions,—first wash, then pray; so in all these countries baptism came to be a symbol of great significance. At the threshold of the mosque every one must take off his shoes, and put on slip-

pers, or enter without any. Within is one great space, unbroken by side chapels or altars, with only the niche by which each one may know the direction of Mecca, with a simple platform or pulpit, oftentimes movable, for the preacher, with worshippers kneeling in all parts of the temple on the great mats or tapestry covering the floor, such an improvement upon the stone pavements of cathedrals. Oil-lamps are suspended from the roof, and texts from the Koran occasionally are inscribed on the walls. Here is a description of a mosque from Milnes' "Palm Leaves:" —

"A simple, unpartitioned room,  
Surmounted by an ample dome,  
Or, in some lands that favored lie,  
With centre open to the sky,  
But roofed with archèd cloisters round,  
That mark the consecrated bound,  
And shade the niche to Mekke<sup>h</sup> turned,  
By which two massive lights are burned;  
With pulpit whence the sacred word,  
Expounded on great days, is heard;  
With fountains fresh, where, ere they pray,  
Men wash the soil of earth away;  
With shining minaret, thin and high,  
From whose fine trellaced balcony  
Announcement of the hours of prayer  
Is uttered to the silent air.  
Such is the mosque, the holy place,  
Where faithful men of every race  
Meet at their ease, and face to face.

"Children are running in and out  
With silver-sounding laugh and shout,  
No more disturbed in their sweet play,  
No more disturbing those that pray,  
Than the poor birds that fluttering fly  
Among the rafters there on high,  
Or, seek at times, with grateful hop,  
The corn fresh sprinkled on the top."

The grand mosque at Cairo was of unexpected magnificence. With the same simple and unadorned style as the smaller ones, its proportions recall the immensity of St. Peter's, and, in the absence of all paintings or images, the gorgeousness of the marble and alabaster is without a shadow. The dome speaks of the arching heavens, the whole temple is suggestive of worship, — simple, pure, heart-felt, uplifting wor-



ship. As we stood beneath the dome, an English churchman turned to me and said, —

“ This is the great Unitarian cathedral of the East.”

“ With,” I replied, “ a faith certainly as helpful as St. Peter’s.”

“ Doubtless,” he answered, after a pause, “ and more Christian.”

In a *theological* conversation with our dragoman about the Mohammedan religion, while in the same mosque, he said, —

“ We no idolaters as you are. We no worship Mohammed. We say Jesus, Moses, Abraham, Mohammed, all good men sent from God, all prophets to tell us his will. Every man who do good all his life, and not bad, he all go to heaven.”

We tried repeatedly to find out something of their faith as to the salvation of women, for it is said in the Koran that women have no souls; but it is a saying they cannot explain, and, as others who cannot explain what the heart believes, they take the testimony of the heart rather than of the record, and so our dragoman said, —

“ Woman has no soul, for the Koran says so; but if woman do good all her life, and not bad, she will go to heaven, whether she has a soul or not.”

It was a strange reflection, and solemnly suggestive, that the ruins of only temples and tombs remain, — temples which tell of worship needful to all souls on earth, — tombs which tell of the hopes or fears of all hearts reaching into the unknown and shadowy realms. An ancient historian says, “ The Egyptians call the houses of the living inns, because they remain there but a little while. The sepulchres of the dead they call everlasting habitations, because they abide in the grave to infinite generations; therefore they are not very curious in the building of their houses; but in beautifying their sepulchres, they leave nothing undone that can be thought of.” So we saw poor clay hovels everywhere, but ruins of mightiest temples, and the pyramid-tombs not yet in ruin — all else of Egypt has perished. There was another strange thought: the remarkable ease with which, in these lands, the

old temples could be transformed into Christian churches. As all through Europe the heathen divinities readily answered for the images of Christian apostles and saints, and, as at St. Peter's, the statue of Jupiter was turned into that of St. Peter, by calling it after the apostle, so in Egypt, after Christianity was introduced, the vessel which held the blood of the sacrifice became a place for the holy water; the marble on which the victim was slain became an altar; Osiris became Jesus, Isis and the child Horus became the Virgin and child, and a procession of Egyptian priests was easily transformed into a company of the apostles, by leaving off a few pagan ornaments, and the worship of one hardly less idolatrous than of the other.

On a Sunday evening we went on board the steamer in the harbor of Alexandria, to sail the next morning for Jaffa. With strange emotions we turned from the land of memory to the land of hope, and, like the Hebrews, we kept turning back. Darkness was upon the land, darkness was upon the people, but in our hearts we heard a whisper, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."

What makes a land holy? What throws such a charm over Palestine? Why are Jerusalem and Bethany, Bethlehem and Nazareth, Hebron and the Jordan, Galilee and Damascus better known than our childhood homes? Why does the very air seem purer and the earth more hallowed? Such questions we could but ask ourselves as we came into the open roadstead of Jaffa, and Palestine was directly before us, with all its memories swelling like a tropical sea. When our little boat brought us past the rocks appearing above the shallow waters of the harbor, we found ourselves in a small and very filthy sea-port town of about five thousand beings, and lost among the immense piles of oranges crowding the wharves and awaiting shipment. While our miniature caravan was preparing, we sauntered through this the ancient Joppa until we came to the house of Simon the tanner, where Peter had his trance-vision. It was pleasant to find, thus early in our pilgrimage, a locality which all traditions consent to represent as the scene of sacred representa-

tions and historical characters. The house, as it stands today, is modern, and no pretensions are made other than to the holiness of the place. The Mussulmen consider it sacred, and a small mosque or praying place is in one of the rooms, but they read the New Testament story thus: "The Lord Jesus here asked God for a meal, and the table came down at once." In the small court was a well of fresh water, by which Arabs were filling their water-skins, and this well, needful for tanning purposes, is what has led to the recognition and preservation of the place and its memories. By a stone stairs on the outside we mounted to the roof of the low, one-story house. The roof was of mortar, and the walls rose around it, as in most of the Oriental houses, forming a promenade, or sitting-room for the inmates, or a play-room for the children. Close by the waves of the Mediterranean, as they fall over the rocks in the harbor, glance in the sunlight, and gently beat upon the shore; farther off a few sail appear, and two or three steamers land or receive their passengers and freight of Jaffa oranges. Jaffa, or the "Beautiful," the "Watchtower of Joy," was the port of Jerusalem in the time of Solomon, and has been ever since. Here was the land of the Philistines, always hostile to the chosen people, and yet giving the name Palestine, so entwined with all our Bible memories. Near Jaffa, Dagon, the "High God," was set up and worshipped. To Jaffa came the rafts of pine and cedar of Lebanon for the Temple at Jerusalem. To Jaffa Jonah came and "took ship to flee from the presence of his Maker." It was from a rock in the harbor of Jaffa, according to some mythological accounts, that Perseus delivered Andromeda, and so, says one, "It was at Jaffa Peter had his vision of tolerance, and went forth like a second Perseus, but from the East, to emancipate from still worse thralldom the virgin daughter of the West." In later times, Jaffa became an important port to the Crusaders, and the general landing-place of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. Still later, it was the scene of one of Napoleon's most inexcusable massacres; and, latest of historical and fanatical incidents, an American colony has settled at Jaffa, with the foolish idea, based upon a literal interpreta-

tion of prophecy, of restoring the Holy Land to the Jews. As might have been antecedently demonstrated, it has proved an entire failure. Soon after we left the town we saw two of these colonists, and from them heard a very favorable account; that they had been most kindly received by the natives; that they lived in entire safety without any locks on their doors; that their orange groves were wonderful, and their harvests promising; that the Arab Sheiks were anxious to hire their ploughing and reaping machines; that one day a storm came suddenly up, and they were obliged to leave some seed-wheat in the field, and, the storm continuing seven days, upon their return they found it not, but soon after it was brought to their settlement. At Jerusalem, we heard from others, disaffected members, quite a different story, and as the government has been obliged to send out a vessel and bring the colonists home, the latter would seem the more trustworthy side.

About noon we found ourselves beyond the walls of the town, at a small Turkish *café*. Rude poles supported a thatched roof, while by the door, or on the earthen floor within, or on rough pole benches around the enclosure, the natives held their small coffee-cups, indolently sipping, or still more sleepily smoked their bubbling *naigiles*. It is the rule for all caravans to camp beyond the walls of the cities, the first night, so that if anything is forgotten it can be obtained in the morning before the desert journey is begun. Therefore we waited awhile until our horses and guides and all things were entirely ready, and while we waited a party of three passed us. One, an old man, in a kind of sedan chair, its arms fastened upon mules and balanced by two Arabs, making the journey of Palestine and Syria at the age of almost eighty, to see the places of which his childhood ears had heard.

And now our pilgrimage fairly began. For some time we rode over a narrow and dusty way, lined on either side by great hedges of the prickly pear, and beyond orange groves as far as the eye could reach, with the golden fruit but half concealed by the leaves. When all appearances of a road ceased,

we came upon a wide-stretching plain, with grass and sometimes grain. The rainy season was hardly ended, and occasionally the earth seemed baked on the surface as if by a hot sun after a long rain on a clayey soil. A low range of hills bounded the view. We stopped for lunch by one of the fountains, with its whitewashed walls, to be for some weeks so common and so cheering a sight. The water was cool and sweet; we had Eastern fruits of every kind; the air was balmy but not depressing, and all around were the bright scarlet anemones, which sentimental travellers are pleased to call the Saviour's blood-drops. As the afternoon wore away, our slow and meditative journey brought us to Ramleh, through which passed the old caravan route from Egypt to Damascus. Here we found a high tower, in the midst of extensive ruins, and great subterranean vaults of Saracenic architecture, and with a narrow stone staircase leading to the top, whence the broad plain was seen in great beauty, with the olive and orange groves around, with the Mediterranean afar, and the hills of Judah to the east. Now the memories of the Crusaders began to press upon us, for here at Ramleh, on their way to recover the Holy City, was one of their encampments, and all this country must have been covered with their wild and misled hosts. A little beyond the town of Ramleh, on a gentle grass-slope, we found our tent pitched, and there we passed the first night on the soil of Palestine. Of Old Testament history, it was not far from the scenes of Samson's labors with the gates of Gaza, and not very far distant from where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still on the plain of Ajalon. The full moon came slowly up before our tent door and over hills we knew must stand around Jerusalem. Near by were some tents of our countrymen, and on one was raised the American flag. So we thought of our home and our struggles when we saw that, and heard the words of Jesus promising peace out of the severest struggles, and thought of the eternal guidance and providence of the Infinite. Early in the morning we pursued our pilgrimage. We were on the route by which the Crusaders, with stormy zeal worthy of a better end, hastened to

Jerusalem. In places the narrow valley was rough and stony, the channels of the mountain streams scarcely dried; in places a beautiful green valley, with wild-flowers spread out before us; on the mountain sides great flocks of black goats and white sheep were pasturing; here and there a ragged Arab was ploughing with his heifer; here and there another was following his mountain-path. Along the rocky passes, along the hilly paths, past the ruins of an old church, where, by a fountain with its white dome, we rested, along rockier roads, up and down long hills, we slowly rode, until, as the afternoon wore away, we found ourselves straining our eyes, while, with beating hearts and hushed lips, we waited for the opening sight of the City of Zion. Hotel agents beset us with importunate entreaties. Far off to the right was the convent of St. Helena at Bethlehem, a little to the left was the imposing Russian convent. We had reached the brow of the last hill, we had passed the last guard-house, before us were walls and mosque domes and minarets and towers, below us and on the sloping hill-side, so that we looked down upon them, were the houses of Jerusalem, and the sunlight fell upon the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, where once stood the Temple of Solomon. By the Damascus gate, and through streets narrow and dirty as of other Arab towns, we came to our hotel. Ascending by the stone stairs on the outside, to the highest terrace, we found one part of the terrace furnished with a very good room, while the other part answered for a promenade, and in the parapet all around were sunken holes answering for flower-pots, with many kinds of roses and plants in bloom. As I sat on the terrace looking over the city as it rested in the darkness, the moon came up over the brow of Olivet, and threw a great shadow adown its slope, where once was Gethsemane and agony, struggle, victory, and peace.

(To be continued.)

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TAKE counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.



## OUR FATHER GOD

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER WHIT-SUNDAY, COMMONLY CALLED "TRINITY SUNDAY," BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), but to us there is but One God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and One Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him." — 1 Cor. 8: 5, 6.

CHRISTIANITY is a revelation, an unveiling of God. It enables us, by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory and to feel the power of the Eternal Godhead. It declares and names Him whom before we had worshipped ignorantly or not at all. Through one and another preparatory creed it leads us on and up to the Creed of creeds, which in all ages and in all worlds, upon the lips of men and angels and the Christ acknowledges God to be the Father. Of all religion, this is the final utterance, for which all else is preliminary and provisional. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said I go to the Father." "Then shall He deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father."

It is common in our day to speak of the great creeds of Christendom, the creeds of the ancient Church which set forth what Christians believe of the mystery of the Godhead. This Sunday is especially devoted by the great majority of Christians to the reciting of these creeds, and the dogma, for which the most elaborate of them witnesses, has given to the day the name of Trinity Sunday. Not in any temper of antagonism to these old confessions, which seem to me to be, not indeed truth itself, as some imagine, and yet full of profound truth, I shall venture to say of them that they cannot be regarded as final, as exhausting the Christian doctrine of the Godhead, and leaving nothing to be said any more of the relation of the child on earth to the Father in heaven. They require to be interpreted and supplemented. They speak better than they know. Better than they know, they give the glory to Him who is over all blessed forever, underived, Fountain of all being, fathomless, shoreless Love. Worship Him,

all ye gods! We need such an One to worship. The age is coming to a recognition of this truth, far away from it as some of its children may be.

I was much impressed, the other day, as I read a biography of Lacordaire, the famous Catholic preacher and monk, with his statement that, in his view, the worship of Christ, as it is commonly practised in Christendom, must be regarded as only preparatory to the worship of the Supreme Father of the Christ. That divine Son of God points us onward and upward. With the Ray, Light of Light, we go back to the Sun, Light itself. With the Stream, child of the Fountain, we ascend to the Fountain, the Head, the Source. In Him who is of the same substance with the Father, we return to the Father, and are forever satisfied, for our life is hid with Christ in God.

Let me ask you to note how the Father is revealed in the Son, and how the Son glorifies the Father. Let me ask you to note how the Father is revealed through the Holy Spirit, and how this same Holy Spirit glorifies the Father.

1. "No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," and declared him Father. God reveals himself as Father in the being of One who lives before us, his Son. As the face in the mirror supposes the face itself, and as the impression upon the wax supposes the seal, so an adoring, loving, ascending Son supposes an adorable, lovable, descending Father, and the filial spirit declares the fatherly spirit. Do not seek, on the one hand, to deny or to lessen that glory of the Son, for how can any glory which is not transcendently excellent answer to our glorious God? Spare that perfect Mirror of the divine perfections, were it only for Him whose wonders it reflects. Just that was wanting in our world before Christ came into it. Just that would be wanting now, could they take away our Lord. "He looked, and there was no Man. He wondered that there was no Deliverer." There was no one of whom the world must needs say, "Truly this was the Son of God." He is altogether of God; he has no father save God. Let all which the creed

of Nicea claims for Christ be substantially true; let him be Light of Light, very God of very God; that is no more than the must needs be whose spirit can fully effect the divine Spirit. Make his Sonship as glorious as you can, or rather do not seek to divest it of any glory which evangelists and apostles and hearts of loving, revering men have thrown upon it. For you, as for Stephen, let the heavens be opened, and let the Son of man stand at the right hand of God. And yet, on the other hand, remember that it is a Sonship, not a Fatherhood, which the Gospels and Epistles and the ancient Church celebrated. They believed in the Father because they had seen him in the Son, in one who from his deepest and divinest consciousness, and from the very topmost heights of his being, and in that life which he lived, and in that glory which he had with the Father before the world was, knew and felt and proclaimed himself not Father, but Son; the Son who could do nothing of himself, whose life it was to live in the Father, whose peace and strength it was to worship the Father, whose blessedness it was to return to the Father. I have no doubt that this subordinationism is the teaching of the creed of Nicea, and of the Nicene Fathers, and of the early Church, and I think that the Unitarian needlessly separates himself from Christendom in conceding that Nicene symbol to the Trinitarian, and ruling it out of his prayer-book. And Christ is with us in his Sonship, that he may reveal the Father. The Father must be, because the Son was and is.

And let not any say that this is a merely speculative and theoretical matter. It is intensely practical, and it includes a lesson which, as much as any, perhaps more than any, our age needs to learn. If the old Psalmist were in the world still, he might well repeat his exhortation: Worship Him, all ye gods! It has come to this in our day, that men deny the sovereign God by quietly assuming, each man for himself, that we are all gods. They are willing to call Christ divine, if only we may also call all men divine. And so, instead of being creatures, we are creators,—instead of being created by God, we create God. The creative intelligence, so they call our Father in heaven, unconscious in nature, becomes

conscious in man ; more conscious in Christ than in any other man. That, I believe, is the formula. All the God there is for us is our higher and better nature. Theology, or the doctrine of God, is a superstition, a childish thing, which a manly world has outgrown. There is no Father in heaven, only a thought of a Father in your own fatherly and loving soul. And I say it is timely and practical to proclaim that Jesus Christ, at all events, believed himself, if there was any meaning in his speech, to be *Son* of God, dearly beloved of him, taught of God, in the bosom of the Father, not alone because the Father was with him, not even to be called good, because there is but one good, even God. Let me tell you, advanced thinker, man of intelligence, moralist, who art a law unto thyself, — let me tell you, if you can pause a moment in your self-complacency, as one secret after another of the world which you have unconsciously made is disclosed to your lordship, let me tell you of One not yet, I think, discredited, ruled out of authentic history or of man's heart ; of One whom the world could not refrain from calling God and worshipping as God, for the glory and beauty that dwelt in him and compassed him about, who yet with his whole being made confession of that only adorable One, our Father, saying, even after his resurrection, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God." To me there is something very instructive and very touching in this majestic and awful Christ, lying low in God's power, Son of the Father, still saying to us, — how emphatically to all who are losing their worship ! — Oh, there are depths of being which cannot be sounded ; there are heights of being which cannot be scaled ; besides the eternal Word there is that which is eternally unutterable, a silence beyond any speech ; besides the Son, living only by the Father, there is the Father, whose life is not given to Him, but is forever in himself. Seen in the light or in the darkness of the nineteenth century, our Saviour is the most noteworthy instance of its favorite philosophy. He is the spirit of Nature, or, if you will, God come to consciousness in man so fully that he could not free himself from God ; so that in him, beyond all men, God and man are one ; only re-

member that in this philosophy there is no God but man. Seen in the light of his own words, and set forth in the great creed of the future, of which all other creeds are but the eloquent preludes, the Saviour of men is the blessed Son of the Highest, whose glory it was to have no glory of his own, to love the Father, to trust in the Father, to pray to God always. It has been found easy for a pantheistic, which is practically an atheistic, philosophy to express itself in the phrases of dogmatic Trinitarianism, and even to recite, not without unction, the Athanasian Creed; but pantheism cannot take up our Lord's confession of his Father and our Father, of his God and our God.

2. And, once more, let me ask you to observe how, as in his Son, so also through his own Holy Spirit shed abroad in the hearts of his children, God reveals himself as our Father. That Spirit in Jesus beyond measure could only have declared that Son of Man to be the Son of God; and we might have looked upon him with reverence and amazement and love, as upon one with whom we could have no portion; but as there is one God, so there is one Mediator between God and man, and this Mediator prepared a place in the hearts of men, that in us also, according to our measure, the Spirit might dwell. And we call God Father, we know that we can count upon him for time and for eternity, for better, for worse, we know that he heareth and helpeth us always, so far as we receive from his dear Son the Spirit that mediates, the Spirit of Christ, the Spirit that was poured out upon all Christian flesh, the Spirit that is found wherever two or three are met in the name of Christ, the Spirit which prays every true prayer, which prays for us when we cannot pray for ourselves. "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." How the spirit which is ours and yet not ours, which is so sweetly human and yet so wondrous divine, thirsts for God, even for our Father in heaven and on earth, calling him the Ever-loving, the Ever-faithful, the Ever-near, our Portion, our Refuge, our Joy, our Crown, never to be found out by our utmost searching and yet ever rewarding our search with the sweetest dis-

closures. Well did the Saviour say unto us, "When ye pray, say, Our Father." Children of God, call him only by that dear name.

And so if you ask me what is this true faith of which our Collect\* speaks, by which we acknowledge the glory of the eternal Godhead, I answer, It is the faith which, by the Son and in the Holy Spirit, glorifies God the Father. So interpreted, I accept the ancient formula: "In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost;" repeating the words as the water falls upon the forehead of the babe, as hand is joined to hand in the marriage covenant, as the cornerstone of the house of God sinks into its place, as the Church is set apart to be a Church. So interpreted, I do not scruple or mislike the old ascription: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

Christianity is the unveiling of the Father. In the face of Jesus Christ it is the light of the knowledge of that glory of God. In its spirit of holiness and love and prayer it leads us to Him whom to know aright is perfect knowledge. Into this knowledge it is our privilege to grow. It is perfect knowledge, and yet it doth endlessly increase. It is a revelation of a mystery hidden from ages and generations, and yet it is itself a mystery, to be received and held only in faith. It is unto life, and it is according to our living, that living which is but another name for loving. It is learned at the feet of Jesus, and in that way of light which they walk in who follow him, and who, opening their hearts for the word of his commandment, receive with that word the Spirit that draws us unto the Father.

\* Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast given us thy servants grace, by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory of thy Eternal Godhead, we beseech thee that thou wouldest keep us steadfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, who livest and reignest one God, world without end. *Amen.*

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If you cannot master the whole, yet do not forsake the whole.



## SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

MANY persons must have thoughtfully pondered two notable illustrations of the feeble influence of the religious press. There was an unusual accordance in the religious journals of Massachusetts in the support of the late prohibitory liquor law. It will be remembered how largely the temperance question entered into the political elections of the last autumn ; and as the choice of representatives drew near, the editorials of the religious press waxed warmer and warmer. They declared that licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors was next in guilt to man-stealing and piracy. The pulpit, to a great extent, added its fulminations ; and religious bodies connected with the largest sects, in solemn assembly just prior to the election, pronounced the prohibitory law to be the glory of the Massachusetts Statute Book.

When the election took place, it was at once seen that all this rhetoric had produced little or no effect. Prohibition met a thorough and overwhelming defeat. "The glory of the Massachusetts Statute Book" was swept away. It is not our intention here to express any opinion for or against a prohibitory law. We are intent only upon reviewing the facts of the case. We think they are sufficiently remarkable. They prove certainly that Massachusetts is not a priest-ridden commonwealth ; and they show, as we think, that the editorials of the religious press of all denominations, written, as we are sorry to say too many of them are, with more warmth than wisdom, with more zeal than knowledge, with more denunciation than devotion, have but a small influence in shaping the course of public opinion.

Of the same fact we have another illustration on a still larger scale.

In looking over, two months ago, a pretty large batch of religious journals, representing all sects, we could not but notice the unanimity with which they demanded the conviction of the President of the United States, in the late impeachment trial. It is hardly worth while to call to mind the

epithets that were applied to the executive head of the nation, who was declared to be a worthless sot, and a worse traitor than Jefferson Davis. Equally unnecessary must it be to allude to appeals to the judges in the trial, beseeching them not to be more infamous than Benedict Arnold, and to expose themselves to the undying scorn of an outraged people.

What good did all this do?

We know it may be said that these journals truly represented the spirit of the people, whose will was finally defeated by fraud. Suppose this was so, does it justify heated passions and intemperate speech on the part of those who assume to be religious guides? But we think that the calm acquiescence with which the people have received the verdict proves that the tide of indignation and wrath never by a great deal came up to the high water-mark of the journals aforesaid. We say this quite independent of any opinion we may have had on the subject of impeachment. We are looking at the conduct of the religious press in the light of the history of the last few months. We think here is another proof of its feeble influence.

The public has seen what loose charges of fraud have amounted to, though scanned by eagle eyes that would give anything to be able to prove them. And as to the course which some journals have since taken, in denouncing independent and high-minded senators, telling them that it will not be safe for them to walk in the streets of the cities of their States, we think all good men must say, "Out upon such dastardly and outrageous words, which breathe more the spirit of mob and Lynch law than that of the gospel of peace and love."

We arrogate no position as censor of our contemporaries, some of whom have shown an admirable temper and bearing in the crisis through which we have passed. No doubt senators have heeded moderate and wise words wherever they have found them. But we should like to see their faces, if by chance they happened to peruse some of the fanatical journals referred to. They know very well how poorly these re-

flect the calm good sense of the people. When these senators were told that it was their solemn duty to represent public opinion, they might well reply in the words of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol, and say, "Yes, but it must be the opinion you yourselves will have six months hence, the opinion which all impartial and just men will have, the opinion of history and posterity." Who can doubt that some of those most denounced have honestly tried to find that opinion, and will ultimately receive honor for breasting the gusty passions of the hour?

It is because the religious journals so much commit themselves to these passions, so seldom preserve that calm tone that becomes the religion they teach, and the office they discharge, that they have fallen into disrepute, and exert a diminished influence. As we said in the beginning, we think this fact must have arrested the attention of thoughtful observers in both of the illustrations we have named.

— We find in a late number of the New York "Methodist" a good article, entitled, "The man of only one newspaper." We think its just censure applies as well to the man who reads only one *religious* paper:—

"It is a fact patent to most of our readers who ever thought of the matter, that the tendency of the American mind is to extreme views. Very few men are capable of recognizing intermediate shades of color, especially in political matters,—everything is white, if it is not black. During the war, those who doubted the expediency of the Emancipation Proclamation, the financial wisdom of paper currency, or the wisdom and skill of the (for the time) popular military commander, were secessionists, or, at best, copperheads; as, on the other hand, those who believed that the integrity of the nation should be preserved at any cost, were abolitionists.

"Now, this extremeness of view, we take it, is caused by the fact that the mass of the people allow their thinking to be done for them. They choose their party,—perhaps accidentally, perhaps intelligently,—which being done, they subscribe for their party organ, and henceforth see only through the editor's spectacles. How often we hear men say,—speaking of journals of

opposite politics to their own, — 'I wouldn't allow it to come into my house!' They little think, perhaps, that this is a confession that they are purposely keeping themselves in as absolute ignorance as possible of the enemy they profess to be fighting. In the great majority of cases, they are combating men of straw, which they and their leaders have built up for the purpose.

"If this radicalism of opinion is peculiar to or excessive among Americans, it is because we are so pre-eminently a reading people, and because we confine ourselves too much to our party organs. We do not object to the most ardent partisanship for the right, or what seems to be the right, but we claim that every man should have an intelligent reason for the faith he professes, and an intelligent knowledge of what he opposes; and these he can never acquire by being a man of one newspaper.

"Too frequently the political press — like lawyers — deem it their duty to maintain the cause they have espoused by every argument, and even by distortion of facts. One of the most amusing exercises of which we know is to read reports of the same congressional speech in papers of opposite party bias. In the one it is as sure to be the utterance of an angel, as, in the other, the howling of a demon. There can be no medium; and thus it is with every political measure proposed or adopted. Yet it is a fact, astonishing as it may seem, that there is some reason and show of right in every party measure, and men of equal intelligence and integrity sometimes hold diametrically opposite views. Until we see this, and are able to discriminate between the good and the evil, rather than to indulge in wholesale praise and denunciation, we may be very useful in the way of voting, but, for all other purposes, might as well be inanimate, as well as unthinking, machines.

"In one of our exchanges we find some thoughts on this subject which we thoroughly indorse. The class of men described we meet with often, — indeed, oftener than with the exceptions. During the war we used to be much amused by some friends on the border, who quoted the State of New York opinion from the 'Daily News,' — the only New York paper which they read. The errors into which they fell can be imagined, but they differed only in degree from those to which all are subjected who limit their reading to any one newspaper. Says the writer to whom we have referred: —

“The effect of a persistent course of partisan newspaper reading upon the human mind is very appalling. We know men who cannot speak two minutes upon any other than business subjects without betraying the fact that they are “Tribune” men. They look at God’s beautiful world through “Tribune” spectacles. In the same way, “Herald” and “World” and “Times” readers may be discerned by certain well-known peculiarities that are as sharply defined as the geographical features of a country, or the nose upon a man’s face.

“Few persons are conscious of the effects of a constant reading of their favorite paper upon their mind. Their speech constantly betrays them; and in five minutes’ conversation, not only the paper they read, but all their views upon all possible subjects, may be ascertained. Such persons can always be gauged in a moment, and are good for nothing, except to consume good food to little purpose, shout to order at political meetings, and vote at election time. They resemble each other like peas; and as for brains, they could not live an hour if vitality depended on intellect and sound sense. A person that reads only one newspaper must always have a narrow range of thought. In fine, the man of no newspaper is only worse than the man of one newspaper.’”

— If all the American students now in attendance at European colleges and schools were brought together in one university, what a large institution it would make! We see that in Berlin alone there are *forty-three* American students, chiefly in theology and medicine. We wish that the number in a hundred other places of instruction could be ascertained. What effect upon our tastes as a people, and upon our national character, must be produced by the return among us of so large a number of foreign educated men?

— We have been amused by the following anecdote in the “Christian Witness” of this city. That excellent paper, we suppose, thought it was a good argument for a liturgical service; but it shows that one hearer, at least, got tired of always hearing the same prayer, and so perhaps the anecdote makes as much against as for a prayer-book. A good Scotch clergyman was always giving thanks “that a sparrow could

not fall," etc. A wronged and vexed parishioner appeared at the manse one Monday morning, and opened his grievance thus:—

"Sir, I hope you'll excuse me; but I am fashed (tired) always every Lord's day hearing about the *sparrow*. Oh, sir, it would be a great relief if you would only *change the bird!*"

—The "Nation" has an article, signed "By one who has suffered," that pleads for more justice to ministers. It gives an anecdote illustrative of the manner in which members of his flock are sometimes alienated, and follows the subject with reflections that deserve our consideration:—

"A young clergyman had just buried his young wife. In the early freshness of his grief, he was waited upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that Brother Smith had left his church and gone to the Methodists, 'and Brother Smith does say that you—his own minister—have hurt his feelings so that he never can get over it.' The tender-hearted shepherd was touched by this imputation, and eager to atone to the aggrieved sheep for any unintentional wrong he might have done him.

'So up he took his little crook,  
'Determined for to find him,'—

which he did, sulking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry.

"After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skillful cross-questioning, the minister elicited the following:—

"Well, the fact is, I knew there wasn't much chance of your wife's getting well, and so I went to work two or three weeks before she died, so as to have it all ready, and made just the prettiest coffin for her that ever was turned out in this town. I'd took her measure a hundred times sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I didn't say nothing about it to you beforehand, 'cause my woman had a notion it would sort o' cut you up. I don't know why, but when I heard that you'd telegraphed to Boston for one of them new-fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I couldn't set under your preaching no longer,'—and 'set' he didn't.

"But offensive and torturing as the house-top proclamation of a minister's domestic concerns and most sacred interests may be, I desire that it may continue, and, if necessary, increase, till the



obtuse majority shall perceive the absurdity and the wickedness of 'settling a minister' upon an inadequate salary, to be, at the best, eked out by gratuities and hap-hazard 'donation-parties,' and supplemented, by way of a sop to conscience, by a subscription to the fund for superannuated clergymen and the widows and orphans of clergymen. Let not only the amount of each minister's salary be published abroad, but also the rates of house-rent, domestic service, schools, markets, etc., etc., in the town, and the income-tax of his parishioners. If he has incurred debts for his education, his library, the recovery of his health, give them the benefit of printer's ink. Recently in a country parish near us a clergyman actually offered his entire salary to any householder among them who would board him and his small family. As no one was willing to do this for the sum offered, I suppose the mercenary creature either took a clerkship or went to some more remunerative parish.

"If any minister is the recipient of a donation-party, 'surprise,' or otherwise, let all its items appear, prefixed by a statement of just how much of the salary was over-due at the time of the free-will offering; how much money was jingled in the winning pastor's ears by the jocose brother appointed to the presentation; how many of the 'material comforts' remained undevoured or unmussed after the sated flock had departed; how abundant and how suitable to the average taste of cultivated men and women were the odds and ends of apparel and ornament left behind. And yet by no alchemy of print or photography could that be reproduced which often transforms gifts, in themselves desirable, into an insult and a curse. I mean the tone, the accent, the general expression and intent of the giver; this indelible impression is the one secret of many a minister's life.

"How would you, who are a merchant, receive a company of your most obstinate debtors who should 'surprise' you some evening by assembling at your house with the gifts of a few dollars, a few eatables (I am assured by a truthful friend that her father received during one week of a depressed pork season fifty spare-ribs), a light-blue dress for your brunette wife, and a bizarre hat for your dainty little daughter, 'The Prince of the House of David,' and a few other works of like inspiration, for your library, etc., and all offered as so much supererogatory charity, — the mere overflow of beneficent souls upon whom you had no claim? Why, if you were a poor man, and had no ex-

pectation of justice from them, you would — at least, after a little experience — receive them as many a minister is obliged to do. Those few dollars are little, compared with the man's rightful due, but they may purchase a new life-lease for his worn-out self or his wife, or supply some absolute need. He learns to bow his thanks courteously, and tell his thoughts to no one but his God.

“ But these gratuities are often given in earnest affection, and with gracious delicacy ; this I can testify after much experience and observation ; but better far that they should be rendered needless and unknown. A gift from friend to friend, be he minister or layman, is one thing, and a gratuity from parishioner to pastor quite another. Let the salary itself frankly express all that the parish are able to do for the man of their choice, and let him buy his own food and clothing, manage his living, and bury his dead how and where he please, with no restrictions save those which bind any Christian man, and let him do something (more or less as the parish and he are able) to provide for the future of his wife and children, which every man who is a man claims as his right and privilege.

“ Having intrusted to a man the cure of souls, you surely can trust him not to waste his substance in riotous living.

“ Not long ago a distinguished layman closed an eloquent remonstrance against the proposed increase of a minister's salary with the following aphorism, which I wish might be blazoned before the eyes of all whom it may concern : —

‘ The strength of the Church has been the poverty of its clergy.’

To whose credit is this, pray ? If it be true, and such magic strength lie in poverty, then let the pews hasten to share the tonic with the pulpit, and usher in the millennium. But until this consummation is reached, let every parish hesitate, for its own sake as well as his, to grind down its minister to bare necessities, so as to defraud him of all ability to exercise one of the manliest, most ennobling of virtues, — *self-denial*.”

— The practical good sense of many of the articles in the constitutions framed by the States lately in rebellion is proof of the sound elements in the South for reconstruction. We have been struck with what such a paper as the New York “ Nation ” says of the new Florida constitution : —

"One is irresistibly tempted to compare this constitution of Florida with that recently prepared by a purely Caucasian convention for submission to the people of this State. We are, of course, aware that the latter is not considered by the best of its framers as by any means perfect, or as anything more than the best attainable; but it is the work of white men, and of white men of whom a very large number doubted the propriety of ever letting negroes vote at elections, except under a property qualification, and this in a State in which nothing is required of electors of any other race except the possession of the human form and the male sex. Now, we are bound to say that, tried by any of the known tests, — history, experience, or principles of human nature, — this Florida constitution is not only a better one than the one we now have in this State, but, on the whole, better than the new one which, after twenty years of experiment, has been offered for our acceptance by the flower of the white portion of the community."

— The intelligent London correspondent of the "Boston Daily Advertiser" has quite surprised us by the following statement of the number of the English clergymen who advocate the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He says, —

"If the Church of England is weakened by a war in her midst, how will she stand before her assailants outside? If I did not recall to mind similar epochs in her history, I should be inclined to say a great separation was about to take place. Of the many points in dispute, the cardinal one is the doctrine of Transubstantiation. This is preached by at least two hundred of the clergy of the English Church at the present moment, and they cling to it as vital to what they term the Catholic system. If the clergyman has not the power of changing the elements at the altar, he is not a priest, and the poor fellow who passes him in the street, dressed in a long and shabby coat, and who officiates in a paltry little chapel, — namely, the Roman Catholic priest, — is his superior. If this is denied him, he cannot absolve; he cannot excommunicate. Fascinated by the prospects of power and authority which this system holds out, many of the clergy who once were evangelists have embraced it; and at this juncture the remaining evangelists, making use of a large fund collected for the purpose, are appealing to the law to decide whether such things may be legally taught in the Church."

— We cut the following from an exchange : —

“ ‘The London Spectator,’ in an article on ‘Aristocratic and Democratic Poetry,’ affirms that the reason why Homer is dear to the English aristocracy is because his poetry is in spirit aristocratic and almost feudal. The ‘Spectator’ says, ‘There is no trace that Homer ever shared for a moment that deep love of the people and keen scorn for aristocratic selfishness which appears so powerfully in much of our best modern poetry, and, as far as we know, in no ancient poetry except the poetry of the Hebrews.’ This is another illustration of the fact that the Bible is widely separated in spirit and form from the literature of antiquity; and could not therefore have been the mere product of the spirit of its age. We commend to the friends as well as to the foes of our inspired book the following extract from the ‘Spectator :’ —

“ ‘The poetry of the Bible, during the prophetic period at least, is one long protest on behalf of the people against the hard legalities, both ecclesiastical and political, which kings and priests and the richer classes had imposed upon the Hebrew nation. Here was a people by no means subdued to the yoke of law, — perhaps the most indomitable people on which a legal yoke was ever pressed, — and yet all their poetry lives and breathes in the faith that kings and rulers exist only for the people; that the poor are even more God’s care than the rich; that God “fillet the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away;” that “He hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted the humble and the meek.” Whatever this doctrine, that the people must be prepared for a reign of law before they are prepared for the reign of liberty, may be worth in other respects, the poetry of the Hebrews does not, like the poetry of Greece and Rome, afford the slightest testimony to it.’ ”

— The Chicago “Advance” gives the following just and appreciative notice of the Methodist Conference which lately met in that city : —

“ This body, which meets every fourth year, is in daily session at the Clark Street Church. It is well worth a visit and a study. Numbering nearly two hundred and fifty delegates from about seventy annual conferences, presided over by the bishops in turn, and embracing the leading ministers of the denomination, it is a noble gathering of Christian men, and a conspicuous monument

of results accomplished by holy zeal and industry. The General Conference represents 8,000 ministers and churches, and over 1,100,000 members. As, for each communicant, there are twice as many children and adults in a congregation who are non-communicants, the Methodist population of the country must be three millions, equalling the Romish population of which we hear so much. The centenary offerings amounted to nearly eight and a half millions of dollars! The capital in the Book Concern exceeds half a million. The church buildings and parsonages were valued in the census of 1860 at over thirty-three millions. And all this (besides the work accomplished by the Methodist Church South, the Protestant Methodists, the Wesleyans, and other secessions), the fruit of but one hundred years' labor! Surely, evangelical Arminianism, however mistaken on two or three theological points, is not so terrible a monster as the imagination of some hyper-orthodox men conceives! Even the 'Panoplist' itself, or the 'Princeton Review,' must admit that it is compatible with earnest piety, marked intelligence, great administrative capacity, and a spiritual success difficult to parallel. A large debt of gratitude does this country owe to our Methodist brethren for their wide-spread pioneer work on the ever-advancing borders, and their indefatigable efforts to carry the gospel to the masses. Nor, notwithstanding our inability to accept their scheme, would we deny them a theological merit, in securing in other denominations such a modification of old-fashioned Calvinism as to recognize the truth that the atonement of Christ is for all mankind, and that there is some kind of an ability in sinners to avail themselves of the offer of mercy. And then what an example of fervor in prayer and song (with some extravagance, to be sure), and of warm-hearted church-life they have given, before which other bodies of Christians that were ready to die of starch, ice, and respectability have been compelled to modify their usages! We shall never cease to honor John Wesley along with John Calvin, while refusing to call any man master, or to wear, like a dog, any man's name on our collar. Yea, we think the time is not far distant, when Christians will be prepared to meet in church organizations, irrespective of the theologic differences denoted by those two honored names, contenting themselves with a simple evangelical creed, and remanding the higher philosophy of religion to the discussion of the Quarterlies and the decisions of eternity."

## RANDOM READINGS.

## "MODERN UNBELIEF."

SAINTE-BEUVE, in his portrait of Madame Roland, says, "The atheist was a production of the eighteenth century. He took rank as such. His unbelief was almost a profession. When an individual was discovered to possess this quality, he was regarded with a species of horror not unmixed with fascination. People communicated the fact to their friends mysteriously. Three-quarters of the people of our day believe in nothing after the grave, and still never suspect that they are atheists. They go on at hap-hazard, in perfect unconcern, and excite no particular remark. Is not ours really the worse situation of the two? and does not the incredulous solemnity of the eighteenth century prove that the men of that day were nearer faith than we?" On the other hand, is not our scepticism often very revering of what it holds to be venerable things, and often full of love for the brother whom it *can* see?

As an offset to Sainte-Beuve, take this on

LAMENNAIS (from an unpublished poem).

"So thy quest  
Ended like mine, with naught to call thine own,  
Made end with all fond searching first and last,  
All ventured, dared, imperilled, — nothing known!"

With these keen words, like eager sword-strokes fast  
Flung forth, methought another spirit passed;  
I knew him by the mighty shade he cast.

"Yet not to failing love, but unto Truth,  
I gave the promise of my golden years,  
And tracked her flying footsteps as the youth

"Tracks the bright nymph that flits and disappears,  
And lures him on through paths that weave and wind,  
Till in the forest thick with spells and fears

"She leaves him desolate and mad and blind.  
Rich was the life I lost, the soul I gave!  
And strong the charm wherewith I sought to bind



" Her strength to mine! I rifled earth, air, wave;  
Yea, oft the dead I questioned! but no word  
I found, nor any that could guide or save.

" Then from my way died off each flower; no bird  
Sang from the blasted bough, a crash — a cry —  
Of giant tree that fell, afar I heard,

" Or fierce beast snared in deathly agony;  
And all was silent; then afar I spied  
A few, who on a mountain pathway high

" Held on their upward way, by love nor pride  
Seduced, enticed by knowledge, nor dismayed  
By fear, — the followers of the Crucified.

" These lingered not for song of bird, nor stayed  
To mark what hues the glittering insect glossed,  
That dipped across their path from sun to shade.

" These won their steadfast goal — and have I lost,  
Who flung my soul within the crucible,  
And saw it shrink, nor counted up the cost,

" So that truth's bright elixir clearer fell  
In sparkling drops? Of all I ventured there  
Is nothing found? Have I loved truth so well

" To lose my Christ? Lost God through loving men?  
— Speak now, my soul! if all to win and lose  
Once more were thine, if choice were given again,

" Would it be thine the surer way to choose?  
Though o'er my grave no word of hope was said,  
Above it raised no cross, behold the dews

" Lie on it fresh! Though all whom once I led  
Fell from me, shunned me, banned me, held my lore  
For spells accurst, unhallowed, backwards read, —

" I was God's Priest, his Prophet evermore."  
Then raised he that old cry of anguish sore,  
" *Hast thou no other blessing, Father, say?* "

— APPENDIX TO "LIFE OF LACORDAIRE."

E.

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Who becomes every day more sagacious in observing his own faults, and the perfections of another, without either envying him, or despairing of himself, is ready to mount the ladder on which angels ascend and descend.

## RADICAL IDOLATRY.

BY R. F. FULLER.

It is common for the parties which arise in Church and State to name themselves the opposite of what they are. Thus, in the political history of this country, the party of pro-slavery, oligarchy, caste, and aristocracy has made odious its pseudonymic of democracy. So in the department of religion or irreligion, that novel party which stops at the outside surface of nature without penetrating to that root in the supernatural to which its existence is due, calls itself by the title of Radical.

This would-be new birth, like all the patent isms which do not enlarge and carry further the substantial verities of old truth, but gainsay its essence as well as form, is only a renaissance of time-worn error. The radical would feel insulted to be told that he is an image-worshipper in a new phase. Yet such is the exact fact. From the first history of religion, man has been repeatedly warned against losing sight of the spirit in the form, which is idolatry and ritualism, the vice of paganism, Judaism, Catholicism, and all formalism; and last, by no means least, the vice of naturalism, called by its votaries radicalism.

The simple and plain statement of the matter is just this: Natural science has been the ruling passion and absorbing theme of the nineteenth century. Thought thus engrossed in nature has lost sight of super-nature. In all this externality and development, law and order, intellect has become an image-worshipper, and come to ignore that spirit which is the fountain and origin, efficient cause and anti-type of all that is outward and natural.

It is true that the devotees of naturalism, who are nonplussed at miracles and blind to the supernatural, mysticize and sentimentalize and rhetoricize and poetize about spirituality; but, mark you, this "German fog," however roseate, does not impute personality to spirit. And impersonal spirit is nonentity. Pantheism and atheism are identical. The one gilds the mist with a counterfeit glare and kaleidoscopic dubiety; the other, in a plain, matter-of-fact, barefaced way, puts away the glittering illusion. When intellect, not looking through the telescope or microscope of physical science, nor the prismatic spectacles of egotism, regards the simple truth of the case, it readily perceives that all moral and mental attributes inhere in and describe a person, or they exist only as the abstractions of thought. You may

*think* of the qualities of goodness and knowledge, abstractly ; but any school-boy must be aware that except there be a good person, there is no goodness ; an intelligent person, there is no intelligence. Individual consciousness is what makes personality. If God has that consciousness, he is a person ; and if you and I have it, we are persons. You know from your separate consciousness that you are not the same person that I am. And whenever you lose that separate consciousness, whether you become engulfed in God, or whatever becomes of you, you will be nobody ; and if God has not a separate consciousness, he is nobody. If it is a beautiful idea to you that you will be engulfed in this way, it may be no more than fair to take you at your word. And what if God should let you have it so ? As a man thinketh, so is he ; and I am sometimes tempted to fancy that God may judge a man by his creed ; and if he thinks he shall not " shoot the gulf," or shall empty himself in a great ocean of impersonality, and so takes his portion in nature, it may turn out, for him, as he insists it will.

But my proposition at the outset was, that the radical is an idolater. And plainly he is the old pagan, pharisee, and relic-worshipper right over again, because his devotion is to externality. Nature is the idol of his druidical homage.

Now, formalism sooner or later kills itself, as well as the soul. Naturalism inevitably opens the path to superstition. We live and move and have our being in the supernatural, and to deny it is to take away our very breath. Hence, after a suspense of faith, we draw, as it were, a long breath, an eager inspiration of the supernatural, without stopping to discriminate between genuine faith and superstition. Hence the radicals are the picket-guard of the Roman Catholics, and the pioneers of superstition ! Witness the many converts that have stepped over from their ranks to Romanism. If this flood of naturalism be not faithfully withstood by the true believers, it will inevitably end, — not in atheism or pantheism, for either, if generally prevalent, would prove azote to man, and his race would become extinct, but in a cataclysm of superstition. Just as certainly as the day revolves into darkness, will radicalism, if it have its way, bring the human race again to the darkness of the Middle Ages, which could be felt and history can never forget, to incivilization, superstition, and iron. Which may God avert ; and his Church, looking up to him, obtain a supernatural strength to resist and vanquish.

## THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands  
And piles of brick and stone and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
A stomach craving dainty fare ;  
With nought to do, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands would hardly earn  
A living that would suit his turn :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit, —  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art :  
A heritage it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned by being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son, there is a toil  
That with all others level stands ;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten soft, white hands ;  
This is the best crop from thy lands :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state ;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great ;  
Work only makes the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last ;  
Both children of the same dear God ;  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well-filled past :  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. L.

---

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

He gives me the most perfect idea of a fiend who suffers at the perfections of others, and enjoys their errors.

WHEN the counsellor grows rusty, the counsel will be polished.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

*Sermons*, preached before the University of Oxford, chiefly during the years 1863-65. By H. P. LIDDON, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Prebendary of Salisbury, etc. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Company, 135 Washington Street. 1868.

No matter where, no matter by whom, the *Sermons* are preached, you will be sure to find the preacher arguing for Faith as against the doubts and denials of an age which claims to be an age of inquiry, but has indeed settled down very dogmatically into the dreariest unbelief. Mr. Liddon's Discourses are vigorous and suggestive; there are mental conditions to which they will speak very instructive words, and yet they leave much to be desired in the matter of sympathy with the difficulties of the sceptic. There is a tone of utter antagonism that is not quite true, and certainly is not likely to help those who have lost their faith. What we want is mediators between science and religion, — men like Robertson. Liddon has much of the furnishing of such a mediator, but he is not one. E.

*Charles Dickens' Works* are in course of publication by TICKNOR AND FIELDS. The "Charles Dickens Edition" is specially attractive for cheapness, clear type, and for original illustrations by Cruikshanks. Ten volumes of this edition have been issued, the most recent of which are

*Christmas Books and Sketches*, comprising *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man*, with four sketches by Boz. These make a handsome volume of 552 pp.

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DICKENS' Works in this series are uniform in print, style, and binding, though each work may be had separately. The series completed will be, for cheapness, portability, and neatness, one of the most desirable editions of the great humorist. s.



*Sketch of the Official Life of Governor Andrew*, with his Valedictory Address on retiring from office. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

This volume of 210 pp. is a charming portraiture of the Governor's life and character. The valedictory, read in the light of events which have since transpired, will impress the reader with the greatness and sagacity of the statesman. The Governor's great and good qualities, in rare combination, are well delineated in this little volume. It shows, what all ought to have known before, that his opinions on the prohibitory law were honestly held, and not put forth for a lawyer's fee. The reader will close the book with a sigh, that the great man for our crises should be taken from us when we need him still. s.

*Sermons.* By REV. NEWMAN HALL, D. D., of London, with a history of Surrey Chapel. Gould & Lincoln.

They are clever orthodox sermons, devout without being eloquent, and they will be warmly welcomed as a memorial of the author, for the love of him which glows in every loyal American heart. A portrait of the author fronts the title-page, — a face full of Christian benignity.

*The Hour that cometh and now is* is a volume of Sermons by Dr. J. F. CLARKE, republished with additions. It omits one sermon of the former edition, and adds seven others not included in it. The former edition has had a well-deserved popularity, for its freshness and practical bearing, bringing home great truths, and applying them to common life with a fund of familiar illustration. The additional sermons are in Dr. Clarke's best vein: on the "Relation of Christ to the Soul," "The Man of Sin," "Melchizedek and his Moral," "Negative and Positive Religion," "Weeds," "The Summer is ended," and "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," a Thanksgiving discourse. William V. Spencer. s.

*Holidays at Rosalind's.* A sequel to Elsie Dinsmore. New York: M. W. Dodd.

Both the original book and the sequel are among the best story-books for children. Elsie appears in the sequel as a girl religiously conscientious, preserving a pure conscience through great trials and difficulties. The story is told with such dramatic interest as to absorb the attention of young readers to the end, and impress them with excellent moral lessons throughout. s.

*Foul Play.* A novel by CHARLES READE and DION BOURCICAULT, with illustrations by George Du Maurier, has been republished by Ticknor and Fields. It is a novel of the sensational order, the hero of which is an Episcopal clergyman, whose misfortunes and strange adventures excite the sympathy and interest of the reader, till he emerges out of all his troubles in a successful marriage.

*The Spanish Gypsy.* A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868.

We are reserving the reading of this poem until the summer vacation, but we have read enough of it to know that very pleasant things are in store for us, and that the author is a true poet as well as a fascinating novelist. E.

*Portraits of Celebrated Women.* By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

An admirable translation of an exceedingly interesting volume, prefaced by excellent words from the translator. The book treats of those who are gone from us, some of whom have been long gone; but it is by no means simply retrospective. The portraits belong to the passing as well as to the past age. E.

MR. WM. V. SPENCER, 203 Washington Street, publishes a very suggestive Sunday School Manual, entitled "Lessons on the Christian Life for the Older Classes." By CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH, to whose labors in the spirit our churches are greatly indebted. E.

*A Sister's Bye-Hours.* By JEAN INGELow.

Our first judgment of "A Sister's Bye-Hours" was that it was not equal to "Stories told to a Child," and that could hardly have been to find fault; but as we went on, we felt inclined to put it side by side with that rare little book, which is certainly to give it great praise.

*Margaret; A Story of Life in a Prairie Home.* By LYNDEN, is published in New York by Chas. Scribner & Co.

If you want a spirited and inspiring book for children, get *Ragged Dick.* Author, HORATIO ALGER. Publisher, Loring.

E.

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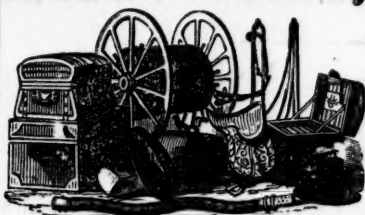
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